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THE  
COMIC  
HISTORY  
OF  
CLEVELAND

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to my school mate  
Willard E. Greeley  
with Love from

1854  
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W. A. King; 1904  
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A  
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OF



CLEVELAND

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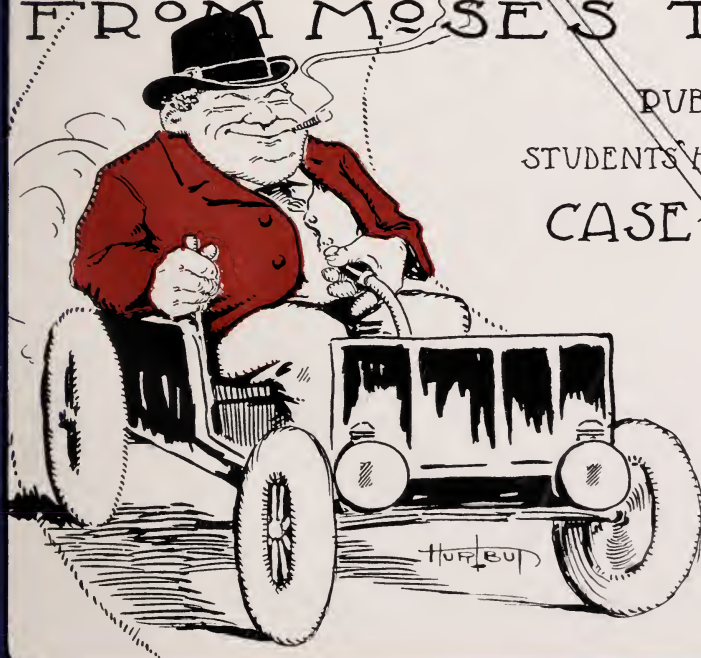
FROM MOSES TO TOM.

PUBLISHED BY

STUDENTS' HOSPITAL COMMITTEE

CASE-RESERVE

1902



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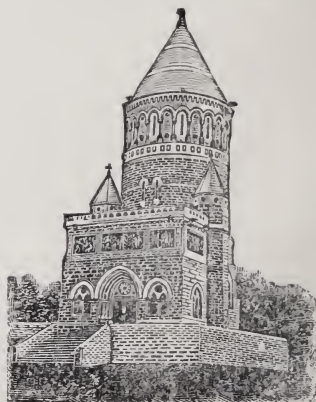
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# A COMIC HISTORY OF CLEVELAND

1796--1901

*In miles of pleasant homes thy people dwell,  
A thousand ships within thy harbor lie at ease,  
Ten thousand chimneys high thy prowess tell—  
O fairest mart upon the land-locked seas !*

*Thy matchless steel is known both near and far,  
Thy parks are filled with nature's rarest views,  
Thy telescopes disclose each distant star,  
Thy chewing gum a million chewers choose.*

*In mighty floods thy famous oil doth flow,  
In beauty's court thy daughters have no peers,  
Thy loyal sons are famed where'er they go—  
Then list the tale of Cleveland's garnered years !*

PUBLISHED BY THE CASE-RESERVE  
STUDENTS' HOSPITAL COMMITTEE

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THE CLARK PRINTING CO.

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THE cave of laughter is hard by the font of tears.  
Mirth and sympathy go hand in hand. England's greatest humorist wrote "The Bridge of Sighs."

This comic history of Cleveland is called into existence to secure the funds necessary to endow a bed in Lakeside Hospital for the use of students of Western Reserve University and Case School of Applied Science. It is a project that meets with the approval of the college officials and others most nearly interested, who recognize the necessity and humanity of the object and give it their cordial endorsement.

To those whose hearts are quickened by sympathy for the unfortunate, and whose generous impulses lead them to aid in establishing this perpetual bed of mercy, the present volume is

DEDICATED



PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Case School of Applied Science,

CLEVELAND, O

June 18 /01

To whom it may concern:

The Comic History of Cleveland is worthy of attention for two reasons. The author is a writer whose work is worth reading, and the profits of the sale of the book are to be used for a worthy object.

Cady Staley

PRESIDENT'S ROOM  
WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY  
ADELBERT COLLEGE  
CLEVELAND

21 June 1801.

The letter of my friend &  
co-worker, President Staley, of  
June 18<sup>th</sup> I have perused  
in admiration

Charles F. Thwing

## MERELY INTRODUCTORY.

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HERODOTUS, a Grecian man of letters, whose decease undoubtedly brought sorrow to many creditors, is sometimes called the father of history and sometimes the father of lies. In this he must not be confounded with Apollo, who was merely the god of lyres.

Some histories are written in blood; some in mud. It cannot be said that this history is written in ether, although its effects may be equally stupefying.

In the course of several commencement orations it has been remarked that history holds the mirror before the pageant of events. Even if this isn't true, it sounds good. At the same time, let us beware lest the mirror be cracked. Which leads us to look with distrust upon the nickel-a-week histories that are cracked up so high.

Nevertheless, in the present case the mirror comparison is one worthy of more-or-less serious reflection. Behold a glass, therefore, wherein is reflected many shapes, some shadowy, some grotesque, together with a train of entertaining events that, like a shining cord, twisting in and out, binds together the hundred-and-five years of Cleveland's splendid progress.

## CHAPTER I.

1796

### THE LANDING.

*Afar across the tide they sailed  
To reach that favored spot,  
And each was making history—  
Yet truly knew it not.*

*—From Ballads of the Towpath.*



ON the twenty-second of July, in the year of grace 1796, a solitary boat might have been seen by the chance observer slowly holding its course westward along the southern shore of Lake Erie. It was a warm day, and the arms of the stalwart oarsmen, who had been hugging the shore since daybreak, were weary. Besides, they were still convalescing from a strenuous observance of the Fourth of July at Erie.

Amidships in the clumsy craft appeared the commander's imposing figure. Of goodly height and generous proportions, his military bearing and his resolute face indicated the born leader. His stern eye carefully scanned the



shore, while his bow eye was fixed on the heaving waters ahead.

"What place is that?" he presently asked.

"That's Painesville," replied the watch, from Waterbury. "They've got a seminary for girls there. I'm told it's named after Lake Erie."

"It's rough on the lake," said the commander as the boat gave a sudden roll.

The breeze had freshened a little and the broad bow of the craft met the wavelets with a friendly splash and numerous pleasant gurgles.

"Do you see that place a little further along?" enquired the watch.

"I don't see anything worth mentioning," responded the commander.

"That's Willoughby," said the watch.

Late in the afternoon General Cleaveland, for it was indeed he, seized the tiller and hastily headed the craft towards the mouth of a shallow stream that found its way to the lake through a wide rift in the high bank.

"Goin' to land?" quoth Josh Stow.

"That's what I'm heading for," replied the General with a grim smile.

"It looks like a rum place," said boatswain Joseph Tinker, who was standing upon the bow to get a better look at the channel. As he uttered the magic word so dear to all good sons of Connecticut, the excited oarsmen took an extra pull.

Still closer to shore stood the boat—a marked peculiarity of all craft approaching land—and a moment later it lingered lovingly on the





bar.\* Then she drifted forward into the stream. 'Gustus Porter stood at the rail ready to throw a line to shore.

"Heave to!" yelled the General.

"Won't one be enough?" asked 'Gustus.

"Haul in your sheets!" shouted Moses. "We may have to sleep on land tonight."

The General jammed the tiller hard a port and the boat's nose poked viciously into the left hand bank.† A moment later they were all ashore, the boat was secured by the painter, and the party clambered up the Indian trail which led to the bluff just south of the brewery on the St. Clair-st hill. When they reached the plateau the little party paused and looked about with pleasure. They glanced at the glowing sky, at the whispering forest, and at the dimpling lake.



"It's a fine site," murmured astronomer Seth Pease, "and I'd like to have the city which is sure to rise here, named Peaseville."

"Peace, villian!" cried the General. "This metropolis is to be known as Cleaveland with an A, and don't you forget it!"

And thus was Cleveland formally christened.

At that eventful moment a band of Seneca Indians from Seneca street, came whooping across the plateau and lined up before the newcomers. Their chief, wearing a bead neckless and a happy smile, stepped forward and gravely saluted the General.

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\* "See History of Cuyahoga Bench and Bar," by J. H. Kennedy.

† From "Early Fanks and Banking," by Thomas W. Hill.

"Ugh!" he grunted, "is this General Moses Cleaveland?"

"It is him," replied the General affably.\*

The red man turned to his anxious followers.

"Brothers," he said, "we're foundered!" And then to the amazement and momentary terror of the surveying party the coppery aboriginies advanced with waving hatchets and gave their tribal yell.

"Orang-o-tang, orang-o-tang, orang-o-tang-a-bang!

Knap-sack-a-tick-tack, smoke-stack, hatrack,

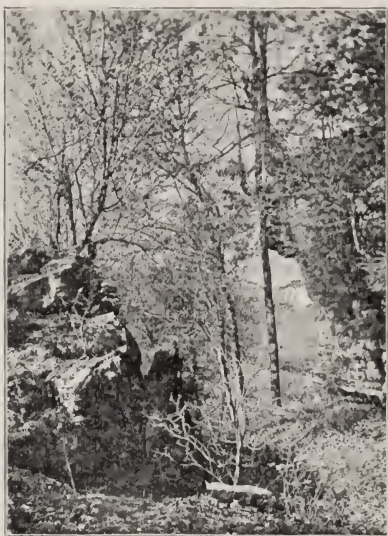
Race-track-a-switchback, slap-jack, crack!

Hunk o' mud!

Bowl o' blood!

Rah! Rah!

SENECA!"



"Great nation," murmured Moses, "but that was a close call!"

When the echoes died away and the dust settled the General mounted a stump. Turning towards the Indians, he said:

"Children of the dusky forest, my red brothers, it is a great day for all of us, and I am glad to hear you whoop it up. We

have just laid here on these historic banks the egg of future municipal greatness. You may not appreciate the fact, but you have witnessed an event, my coppery friends, that unborn generations, including Mark Hanna and Tom Johnson, as well as numerous others, will look back to with

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\*Consult "Verbal Eccentricities of the Pioneers," by Prof. Charles F. Olney.

reverence and even awe. I say to you, great chief, and to your young men, enjoy yourselves! We are going to let



you loaf around here until we get things started, and then you will have to go west. In the meantime, great Yellow Dog, we have brought with us a choice lot of up-to-date junk to trade with you.\* And let me say right here that all

trading must be done on the Square—as soon as we get it laid out. Now, my red friends, I want to thank you for this original, I should say aboriginal, demonstration, and to assure you of the implicit confidence we repose in your integrity. Good night.”

As the General stepped from the stump he turned to Joseph Tinker.

“Joseph,” he asked, “did you lock up the oars?”

“The oar-locks are broken,” replied Tinker.

“Well,” said the General reflectively, “maybe you can borrow a scalp-lock from one of these cigar signs,” and he waved his hand gracefully towards the dusky warriors.

The members of the Cleaveland party stretched their cramped limbs and inhaled huge draughts of the pure air. A gentle breeze from the west whirled little eddies of tempered atmosphere across the plateau. The nutmeg Argonauts were tired and hungry, and most of them were thirsty. The goal they had sought so far and so long was at hand, and a feeling of relief filled



\*See “Atrocities of the Early Settlers,” by Prof. Lémuel S. Potwin, D. D.

their hearts as they busied themselves with the preparations for the night.

"A ha'penny for your thoughts, George?" said Shadrach Benham to George Proudfoot, who stood a little apart gazing with a rapt look across the level field.

George turned at the greeting.

"I was juist thinkin'," he replied in his broad Scotch dialect, "what a bonnie golf leenks the laddies could lay oot hereabouts!"

A little later on when the shadows lengthened and the sun dipped his fiery disc into the heaving lake, the General, wrapped in thought and the atmosphere, stood alone on the bluff and let his keen eye sweep the free panorama that circled all about him. A slight cloud hung athwart his corrugated brow.

"Is this," he slowly muttered, "is this a fresh mistake of Moses?"



## CHAPTER II.

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### THE CONNECTICUT LAND COMPANY.

*Out of the past I see them rise,  
Wooden men with twinkling eyes ;  
Whittling men of well-spent years—  
Shapers of pine and pioneers.*  
—From "Songs of Old Reserve."

HISTORY is little more than an abstract of land titles. War is a vigorous protest against existing fee simples. When an ambitious sovereign wants some other potentate's land he picks flaws in his title and then starts out to evict him. Napoleon Bonaparte was simply a fat-headed sheriff's officer in a gilt crown and tight breeches. Like all land pirates he finally had to take water in lieu of the earth.\*

If North America had not been in the way of those doughty mariners—if mariners can be called doughty who were not out for dough, the two Cabots, the fate of Cleveland might have been vastly different. Yet why talk Cabot post-mortem impossibilities?

The Cabots stumbled against Newfoundland's bleak shore, and thereupon England, as usual, claimed all North

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\* See "Paine's Puns for Pensive People."



America. Not only that, but England's sovereign presently began to give it away. Great blocks of virgin acres were bestowed on this favorite and that; sometimes the same block to several favorites. Occasionally another kind of block, though not a favorite by any means, was substituted. This latter block seems to have been resorted to only through a desire to head off plotters.\*

In course of time the royal game of give-away was played by Charles the Second, who in 1662 granted to the Governor and Company of Connecticut a tremendous chunk of the North American pie.† Connecticut waived part of her claim to the general government in 1786, about the same time that the new flag of independence first waved over the United States, but she reserved her acres



in Northeastern Ohio, and wouldn't be jollied or rallied out of them. Hence the term "Rallying on the Reserve," finally corrupted to "Rallying on the Western Reserve."‡

In May, 1795, Connecticut offered all her Reserve acres for sale, with the exception of a trifle of 500,000, which she had set aside for certain of her citizens who had suffered from rude British excursions and clambakes along the coast.

\* Compare "Modern Blocks," by M. A. Bradley.

† Connecticut—a small State surrounding Yale College.

‡ See President Charles F. Thwing's "Western Reserve University Catalogue."

These were popularly known as the "Fire Lands," a somewhat heated term applied to them by the early geography sharps.



On September second, 1795, the Reserve acres, supposed to number 4,000,000, more or less, with a strong Yankee accent on the less, were sold to the Connecticut Land Company, a syndicate of wooden-nutmeg sharks, for \$1,200,000. The Company numbered thirty-six original members, with seven directors and three trustees, and there were 400 shares of stock at \$3,000 each. It looked like a beautiful scheme, for there wasn't a cent paid down. But later on in the game, when the surveyors showed that there were but 3,000,000 acres, and that the Company had paid forty cents an acre instead of thirty cents, there was wild consternation. Two members who had heart disease barely pulled through.

But, of course, nobody dreamed of this on September 5, 1795, and consequently at the meeting held on that date in Hartford, they were all eagerness to have their new acquisition explored and surveyed. The meeting, which was rendered somewhat informal by the frequent meanderings of an oft-drained mug of flip, was presided over by General Oliver Phelps, with stockholder Titus Street at the secretary's table. There were no reporters present, an oversight which reflects keenly on the enterprise of the local press.



The portion of the proceedings which was of greatest

interest to future Clevelanders was the selection of one of the directors of the Company as general agent to conduct the surveys. The choice fell upon General Moses Cleveland, a sturdy ex-militiaman from Windham, not Woodenham, as some archæologists erroneously have it.\* When it is remembered that this momentous action was not only the means of giving Cleveland a local habitation, but also furnished it with a name, no true Clevelander can refrain from being thankful that the choice of the Company did not fall upon stockholder James Bull, who was casually mentioned for the place.

As an example of the genial humor of this early period, it is related that when Titus Street's election as secretary was announced, a stockholder, name unknown, gravely suggested that it was "Titus' treat,"



whereupon the new secretary smilingly rushed the beaker to the nearest tapster's.

It is a great pity that the minutes of this interesting meeting were not preserved. Perhaps there were no minutes, which seems a pity, too. Anyway, they are lost, and, as everybody knows, lost minutes cannot be restored. We may take it for granted, however, that the proceedings were carried on in the usual manner. There must have been a roll call—that is, if there was any roll to call, or anybody to call it. Then again, as long as we don't know what manual it was they used, we are a good deal in the dark as

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\* See Prof. M. M. Curtiss' "Handbook of Archæological Anthropology in Words of One Syllable."

to how they obtained their manual training. Probably there was new business after the election of officers, and somebody got up and moved something—the mug, perhaps, and somebody else asked that it be passed—and it was passed. And somebody else may have asked that it be laid on the table—fearful, perhaps, that something, or somebody, might be laid under the table, and somebody else possibly wanted to know if it couldn't be taken up, and was thereupon pronounced out of order—suffering from lazy liver, perhaps, and then just as they were about to pass something—the mug again, no doubt—the motion was declared lost, the amendments, as well, having failed to carry, and the decision of the Chair being sustained on an appeal after a division of the house. Then unfinished business was taken up, the sergeant-at-arms threatening to clear the galleries if the demonstration was repeated.



No doubt everything adjourned when they got that far and very likely that's as far as they got. But how are we to know all this, when the minutes that were never kept have not been handed down? And yet there isn't a doubt that some of those Connecticut worthies had served as Minute Men a score of years before, with both honor and distinction.

Some people affect to consider the minute as an absurdly minute bit of time. And yet in the aggressive fight for place and recognition, the minute is the only hero of the arena of Time that has sixty seconds.



During the following winter, General Cleaveland, unconscious of the deathless honor which was about to be done him, made his preparations for the coming junket. He worked so industriously that he had his men and munitions all selected before Spring's arrival. It is related of him that one day, when wearied by the preparations, he flung himself across a pile of blankets and fell asleep. He was awakened by stockholder William Love, who enquired if he had gathered all his supplies.

"No," he answered as he looked back at his temporary bed, "but I have laid in a part of them."

It was on April 5, 1796, that the party of fifty alleged souls, all told, quietly set forth for the western rendezvous.





## CHAPTER III.

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### THE FIRST NIGHT IN AN EMBRYO CITY.

*They read in Nature's open book  
Before them widely spread—  
They saw the child of Nature, too,  
And he was also red.*

*—From Poems of the Pioneers.*

FOUNDER Cleaveland's party had become accustomed to sleeping in the open air, and when a big fire was kindled and the food supplies brought up from the boat, the arrangements for the first night's stay were complete. The blaze attracted a bunch of Indians who prowled curiously around the camp. Presently one of them came forward bearing a piece of birch bark and a bit of sharp flint. He was comely, except his hair, and wore a pair of misfit deerskin trousers and a snail-shell necklace.

"Bosh cobosh, misky voo," he politely remarked to the General. "Allygoflipflap bawbaw."

"What does he want?" the General asked of Job Locke.

"He says the Daily Tomahawk has sent him down here to interview you."

"Well, by gum!" said the General.

"Gum all succotash, hulahula wowwow!" quoth the smiling Indian.

"He wants to know how you like the country," translated Job Locke.

The General's eye wandered to the nearest cornfield.

"Tell him," he said, "that some of it is amazin'."

When this was translated to the red reporter he staggered slightly and gathering up his notes, hastily withdrew.

"Rather a fresh young man," said 'Gustus Porter.

"Rather," agreed the General, "fresh as a freshman."\*

It will no doubt be entertaining to know what sort of provender tickled the palates of these hardy pioneers at their memorable first dinner in Cleaveland. Fortunately the menu card has been preserved and is here reproduced:

M E N U .



*Hickory Nuts on the Half Shell.*

*Corn Extract.*

*Canned Lobster a la Newburg.*

*Scrapple.*

*Cuyahoga Crabs.*

*String Beans with Corn at the Side.*

*Dried Apples.*

*Doughnuts Glazed.*

*Pumpkin Pie.*

*Corn Juice.*

*Hard Cider.*

*Johnny Cake.*

After this simple meal those who smoked produced their pipes and lounged about the blazing fire. Amid the

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\*"The Tomahawk had a large circulation, being seen in the hands of all the well-red men, as well as most of the sick ones. It was red more especially after every battle. Occasionally it was thrust upon the white man, but he usually objected to the humorous character of its cuts. Some hair raising stories are told of its scoops, and the attacks it made upon some prominent pioneers are said to have been positively killing."—From *Annals of Modoc Park*.

outer shadows the stolid red men also sat and smoked. For a time all were silent. Then the General removed his pipe and peered about the circle.

“Give us a song, Michael Coffin,” he said.

The man addressed looked up and took his pipe from his lips.

“Is it my fine baritone you’d be after hearin’?” he laughed. “Sure it’s squeaky tonight. The barrow part of it needs oilin’.”

“Pass Michael the oil,” quoth the General.

A pannikin of corn juice was handed forward, and after taking a liberal sup of it the young man cleared his throat for the following ditty:

“The lake was smooth, the sky was clear,  
The wind blew warm and free;  
The boat ran in behind the pier—  
That no man there could see.  
And right along where Patrick Smith  
Has dredged the channel o’er,  
They let their boat so gently float  
When Moses came ashore.

“There was no awful pall of smoke  
To hide the city’s grace;  
The Gen’ral looked around and spoke,  
‘Perhaps this ain’t the place.’  
They gazed along the placid stream,  
No odor loud it bore;  
The water, too, was clear and blue  
When Moses came ashore.

“They heard no locomotive shriek,  
The towing tugs were still;  
The hoisters’ constant rush and creak  
Were absent from the bill.  
Beyond the bluff the city’s din  
Came not in muffled roar;  
The big foghorn was still unborn  
When Moses came ashore.

“The great Globe works were not in sight,  
No Viaduct was there;  
They looked to left, they looked to right,  
The banks seemed strangely bare.  
The Gen’ral rubbed his wearied eyes:  
‘I’ll strain my sight no more.’  
’Twas such a mix in ’96  
When Moses came ashore.”

A round of applause from the white men, and a scattered volley of guttural “ughs” from the red ones, greeted this vocal effort. When the pipes were finished, the General gave the order to turn in. A guard was set and in a few moments a chorus of noisy snores from a circle of blanketed forms told that the sturdy surveyors were setting stakes and running lines in dreamland.

## CHAPTER IV.

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### OUR FIRST CITIZENS.

*The coal man didn't shovel coal,  
The ice man cut no ice,  
And when they called the city's roll  
'Twas answered only twice.  
—From Songs of the Senecas.*

THE GENERAL lingered for a few days in Cleveland and then returned to Conneaut. As he stepped aboard his craft with most of his party, his keen eye roamed up and down the river.

"All this stream needs to make it navigable," he said, "is a competent city engineer and a dredge."

"All we need is the dredge," said Seth Pease. "We have the Injun-here." And he pointed across the Cuyahoga to a solitary red.\*

"It looks like a run on the West Side bank," said the General, as the Indian quickened his pace.

The Indian must have heard the joke for he tumbled—into the river.

"Gone into liquidation," exclaimed the General.

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\* Consult S. T. Wellman's "Engineering Enterprise."





It was agreed upon that Job Stiles and his wife, Tabitha Cumi Stiles, should remain through the winter in the new town. Several men were left behind to build a three-quarter story Queen

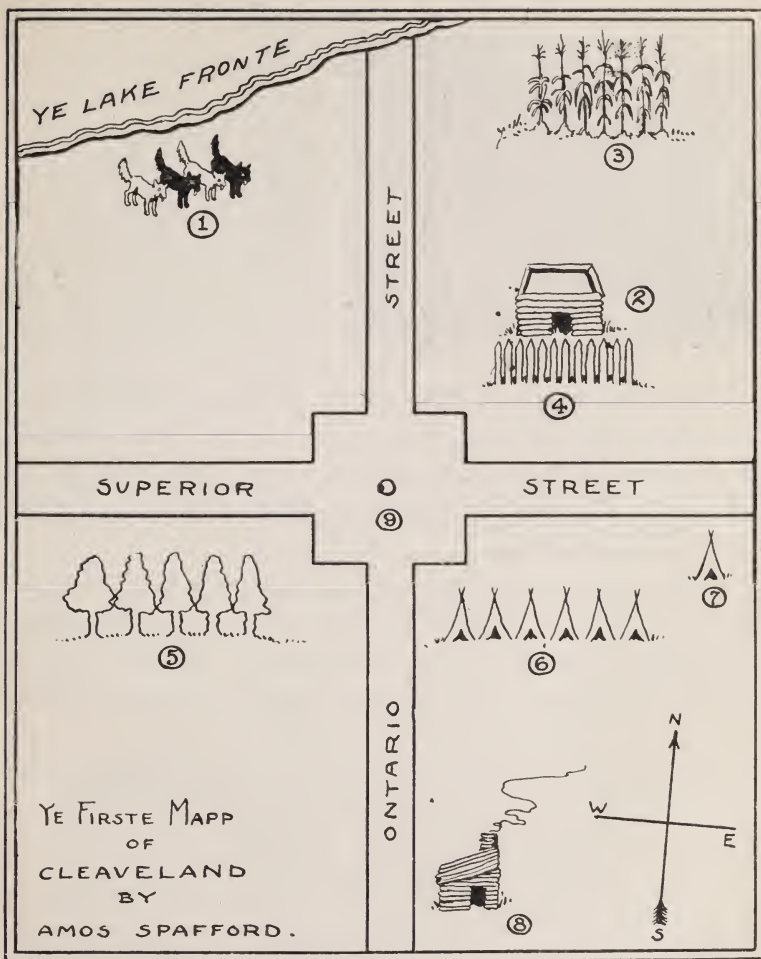
Anne log cottage for the worthy pair, and also a Colonial provision depot for the surveyors.\* The former was erected on what wasn't at that time Bank street, and the other arose on the side hill just south of St. Clair street. This latter was called Pease's hotel, though the rude men who dined there slighted the Pease and invariably alluded to it as a beanery.

In the meantime the surveyors were steadily working westward from Conneaut. On September sixteenth they began to lay out Cleaveland. On October first the original map of the town was started, and on October seventeenth the work was completed, a fac-simile of which will be seen on the opposite page.

Those not familiar with pioneer surveying can have little appreciation of the difficulties encountered by these early platters. Constant gazing through various kinds of glasses caused them to contract an obliquity of vision that was painful to behold. Hammering down so many stakes gave them what is known to the medical profession as hammer-joint. While toting the heavy chain, stretched out their discomfort link by link. Yet they went right ahead laying out quarter-sections, and original ten-acres, and choice subdivisions, and desirable corner lots. It was difficult, but they persevered. It was what they were there to do, so they did it.

\* See "Early Examples of Colonial Architecture," by C. F. Schweinfurth.





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|----------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Wolves.     | 6. Wigwams.              |
| 2. Blockhouse. | 7. Lone Dog's Wigwam.    |
| 3. Cornfield.  | 8. Carter's Tavern site. |
| 4. Fence.      | 9. Publick Square.       |
| 5. Trees.      |                          |

Having finished the task they had come west to perform, General Cleaveland and his entire party, with the exception of the Stiles family, returned to Connecticut, where they found a warm welcome awaiting them — especially after the surveyors had let the stockholders into the secret of the million-acre shortage.



However, another expedition was fitted out in the early spring, but General Cleaveland was not chosen to command it. The directors didn't like the way the game of grab had been played, so they tried a Hart lead—the Rev. Seth Hart taking General Cleaveland's place.

It is fortunate that worthy Job Stiles left a diary of his winter in the new settlement, for from it an admirable idea of the social life of Cleaveland's first citizens may be gained. He begins with the occupancy of his new home:

August ye 8—This day have me and Tabitha ta'en possession of our new dommycyle. It is a lovely dwelling and compareth favorably with any in ye neighborhood.

August ye 16—Saw a bear swimming ye river today. Started in chase, for ye larder runneth low. Headed him off by rowing across his bows. Turning, he made for shore, me pulling manfully in ye rear. When he scrambled up ye bank he caught sight of Tabitha and then it was truly a case

of go-it-wife-go-it-bear! When we reached the cottage we passed around it in the following order: 1, Tabitha; 2, the bear; 3, me. Then Tabitha caught her foot and fell, and the bear fell on Tab, and I fell over ye bear. Ye bear was ye worst scared of the three and made off for ye woods at a great rate. Tabitha was mad. She said to me as soon as she caught her wind: "What do you think the neighbors will say to such goings on?"

November ye 3—Ye society of Cleaveland will never be so select as it now is. There is no danger of meeting strangers at any of ye local gatheryngs. All of ye surveyors have departed and Tabitha an' me are alone in ye wilderness.

November ye 10—Ye Injuns are well meaning. They bring us game whenever they have the luck to shoot any. Old Succotash brought me some game last night which is played with divers colored stones, whereat I lost a flask of rum and a pound of Virginia Tobacko. This morning Ogontz, the Ottawa Chief, being somewhat obfusticated, brought me the hind leg of a boiled dog and invited himself to dinner. I only got rid of him by saying it was our national fast day, and he took his gift and went away with the rest of the tribe who had dogged his footsteps.

November ye 19—We have a boarder. It is Edwarde Paine, the Injin trader. He says when he finds time he will go out and officially found Painesville.

December ye 17—Much snowe and nothyng doing.

December ye 25—Tabitha and I sit by ye fire and think of home. We have nothyng to put in our stockynges except our feete.

January ye 2—Very cold snappe. Water pipes all froze and ye sewer stopped uppe.

January ye 12—Have been obliged to use greene woode on ye fire-place. It maketh a dense smoke both in and out of ye home. Ye Seneca Injins, who are camped at ye foote of ye bluff near Vineyard Lane, have complayned of ye smoke nuisance, but I careth not.

February ye 27—I thynke winter's back bone be broken. At least I have heard some funnye cracks from where the ice in ye lake is breakyng.

March ye 2—Giddyngs Brook is on ye rampayge.

March ye 9—It has been a long and dreary winter for me and Tabitha and for our boarder. I have read ye almanack, including ye jokes, five and twenty times and it somewhat palleth upon me. Natheless I can recommend Cleaveland as a truly quiet town for those who desire a resort that is free from undue noise and all excitement.



## CHAPTER V.

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### GETTING ON.

*Oh, slowly grew the little town  
Beside the sluggish river ;  
It suffered from misfortune's frown—  
Likewise a sluggish liver.*

—From *Ballads of Berea*.

CLEVELAND'S first dozen years were mostly a series of struggles with fate—and the ague. Fate took several hard falls out of the town, and it seemed at times—intermittently, of course—as if the little settlement would be given the shake for good. In fact the worst foe it had to contend with was the ague, and every year some of the best citizens shook themselves loose from the town and took to the high hills.\* There was one summer when the inhabitants didn't dare to go in a body towards the lake for fear they would shake down the bluff.

"I don't think the town is any great shakes," said the Rev. Seth Hart as he looked about him on the morning of June 4, 1797.

"I guess you'll change your mind about that," said Job Stiles grimly.

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\* "On the Heights," by Patrick Calhoun.

And in a day or two the reverend gentleman had the ague so severely that it fairly shook the foundations of his faith.

It was the ague that made James Kingsbury and his family shake the dust of Cleaveland from their shoes and depart for higher ground. As James kept on shaking in the new locality he called the place Shaker Heights.

"What is the area of Cleaveland?" enquired lineman John Doane.



"Malaria," replied surveyor Amos Spafford, and his teeth chattered as he said it.

In the summer of 1797 the Company's employees enclosed the vegetable garden about their log store house with the pioneer fence of the Reserve.\* It had been customary for them to stand guard over the supplies, but after the fence was erected it was decided that the picket line rendered the guards unnecessary.

On May second of this year the city received an important accession to its scanty population through the arrival of the redoubtable Major Lorenzo Carter. The Major was of the type—and display type at that—which goes to the makeup of the successful pioneer. He was alert, energetic, fearless and of great personal strength. A man of sanguine temperament he kept a tavern and was

\* From "My Summer in a Garden," by Charles La Marche.

never out of spirits. He also dispensed justice—or dispensed with it—and at the same time assiduously kept up his practice at the bar. He had deer-hounds, too, for whether it was Nimrod or forty-rod he was bound to excel. From the time of his coming until April, 1800, the Major's was the only white family in Cleaveland—and owing to exposure it wasn't so very white either.

Early in 1800 two important events broke up the deadly monotony. A school house was built on the hills near the Kingsbury's, and David Bryant erected a small distillery close to the river near the foot of Superior street. David brought his still from Virginia and made whisky out of



wheat, to the intense satisfaction of the Senecas, and Hurons, and Chippewas, and Delawares, who stood around with dilating nostrils and watched the savory process.

On July fourth, 1801, a ball was given at Carter's tavern in honor of the glorious day, twelve ladies and twenty gentlemen participating. Major Sam Jones was the chief musician and master of ceremonies, and the pigeon-wings that were cut and the courtesies that were made, were said to have been truly remarkable. Most of the guests must have come from a distance, for Cleaveland's population dropped in 1802 to two families, which just escaped being a drop two much.

In the same year, however, a noted character was added to the Cleaveland contingent. This was Samuel Huntington, afterwards Governor of Ohio, who occupied a sub-

stantial block house on the high ground overlooking the valley just south of Superior street.\* It was Samuel who figured as the hero of a thrilling wolf story. He was riding home from Painesville one dark evening and at the locality that is now the corner of Willson and Euclid avenues he was fiercely attacked by a pack of hungry wolves. He had no weapon save a blue cotton umbrella, but he used it so vigorously that the wolves were kept at bay—always a desirable place to keep wolves. Every blow he struck with the umbrella cracked a rib. Yet the savage beasts escorted him to his very door. As he cut the pack and dealt it



a final thrust, he grimly said: "By darn, I'm mighty glad I never returned this umbrella!"

Such was one gruesome phase of life with the early pioneers—no matter how chased.

Yet the picture of a pioneer carrying a blue cotton umbrella and keeping the wolf from the door, seems a little incongruous.

In this same year a Cleavelander killed a bear on Water street with a hoe, an occurrence which moved a local rhymester—the original poet of "The Man with the Hoe"—to perpetrate the following couplet:

"Westward hoe  
The bare must goe."

On April fifth, 1802, Cleaveland's first town meeting and

\* From "Early Deals in Real Estate," by J. G. W. Cowles.



election was held at James Kingsbury's home, where seventeen town officers were elected, it being understood that more offices would have been filled if there had been more voters to fill them. No party lines were drawn.\*

In the same way that death entered Eden it came to Cleaveland. In May, 1803, Medicine Man Menopsy was



stabbed to death by Big Son. It appears that Menopsy had doctored Big Son's wife and the latter died. Big Son claimed malpractice and revenged his alleged wrongs with a hunting knife.

Menopsy was all cut up by this attack upon his professional honor and showed that his feelings were deeply wounded. His death came near precipitating a riot, and if it hadn't been for Major Carter and two gallons of compromise whisky, the little settlement might have been the theatre of a massacre.†

In May, 1804, the first military company was organized in the town. Major Lorenzo Carter was elected Captain, Nathaniel Doane, the town blacksmith, Lieutenant, and Sam Jones, Ensign.‡

All this time Cleaveland was gradually pulling herself out of the dismal swamp of aboriginal obscurity. She didn't know it at the time and when she found it out it was too late for her to recede. Her growing pains were getting more and more severe. In 1807 the citizens planned a lottery scheme for connecting the Cuyahoga and Muskingum rivers. They offered \$12,000 in prizes. The drawing did not take place, which indicates that the early settlers were

\* For further information concerning "party lines," call "Cuyahoga C 770."

† See "History of Cleveland Physicians from Menopsy to Herrick."

‡ "Military Pioneers," by Gen. James Barnett.



taking no chances. In 1809 the foundation of Cleaveland's shipbuilding greatness was laid by Joel Thorpe, who built a schooner of a half dozen tons, called "Sally." The next year Lorenzo Carter built the schooner "Zephyr" at the foot of Superior lane. She was thirty tons burthen, and was pushed across the bar in charge of Skipper Stowe.

On May first, 1810, the county was organized and from that date Cleaveland has not been without a civil tribunal, a fact that some of her citizens have personally ascertained with painful results.

In the same year Alfred Kelley, Cleaveland's first lawyer, constituted the entire Cuyahoga County bar,\* which was the only local bar of prominence, barring Major Carter's and the one at the mouth of the river.

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\*Consult "Cuyahoga Bar of Today," by Frank N. Wilcox, President Bar Association.



## CHAPTER VI.

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### THE SECOND DECADE.

*The War of Eighteen-twelve arose—  
The British came to slay;  
But Perry parried all their blows—  
And put in Put-in-Bay.*

*—From Lyrics of the Lake.*

CLEAVELAND'S second decade went by like a lazy stream. There were ripples now and then, and here and there a few noisy rapids, and once in a while a dam or two. But the stream slowly widened and the current grew swifter, though no Cleavelander of that early date could have dreamed that it would finally reach the present strength of the Cuyahoga's aromatic current.\*

On June 24, 1812, Omic, an Indian over whose name the chroniclers of the time seem to have widely disagreed, was hanged for the murder of two trappers near Sandusky. He was tried in open court—held under a tree with all the limbs of the law in evidence†—and speedily found guilty. His execution drew spectators from all over the county and the local militiamen, with flintlock muskets, under com-

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\* From "Adrift on the Cuyahoga," by T. F. Newman.

† See "Law in all Branches," by Harry A. Garfield.

mand of Major Sam Jones, were called out to preserve order. Omic was hanged in the Public Square, and also in the hollow square which Major Jones, who had mislaid his revised tactics, formed with much difficulty around the gallows.

The unfortunate savage, who was a forced spectator of the frantic efforts of the soldiers to walk all over each other, finally turned to Sheriff Baldwin and resignedly said: "Ugh! Injin now ready go die die." The gentle savage was so thoroughly unnerved by the evolutions that he clamored for a glass of rum. It was brought him in a large



tumbler, and there wasn't an Indian on the Square who wouldn't gladly have changed places with him. Casting a reproachful glance at Major Jones, poor Omic drained the glass and demanded another.

This was brought him, and then the sheriff, possibly fearing a liquor famine, hastily swung his rum customer off.

The crowd soon dispersed, all save poor Omic, who hung around a while longer. Since then the Square has been a favorite place for hangers-on.

The war of 1812 was a period of terror for Cleaveland. There were brave men in the settlement, but mighty few of them. They feared the Briton, and they feared his ally, the redskin. After the surrender of Hull at Detroit they felt that they were liable to attack from both front and rear—and they were not prepared to go to extremities.\* In the

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\* When prepared to go to extremities, consult Fred S. Borton's suburban time-tables.

autumn of 1812 they built a stockade at the foot of Seneca street and called it "Fort Huntington."<sup>\*</sup> It was a nice stockade from the picturesque point of view, but it is doubtful if the sturdy British would have missed it if it hadn't been there. Early in 1813 several militia companies were rendezvoused at Cleaveland and placed under the command of Major Jessup, and the settlement took on the smell of war. On June 19th a part of the British fleet appeared off the harbor, and most of the inhabitants thereupon withdrew to the Woodland Hills, where the view was so much better. The fleet came within a mile and a half, and then — like the Spanish Armada — was scattered by a violent rain and wind storm. On July 19th of this same year General William Henry Harrison visited Cleaveland for a few days and turned the whole settlement into a Tippecanoe club.<sup>†</sup> Then on September 10th, Commodore Perry won his famous victory, and the cruel war, as far as Cleaveland was concerned, was over. It is said by one veracious chronicler that pioneer Levi Johnson was shingling the roof of the new Court House when he heard the sound of Perry's guns. He cocked his ear to listen and then slid from the roof regardless of the splinters. Gathering himself together he set off at full speed for the bank of the lake, and there stood and listened to the firing, and every time the loudest booming came he jumped with joy. He knew that Perry had the biggest gun. When the last cannon was fired and the listener waited in vain for further sounds, Levi swung his hat and shouted, "Glory be! we've licked 'em! That last shot was Perry's!"



<sup>\*</sup> "Early Memories of the Lake Front," by J. G. White.

<sup>†</sup> Archives of Tippecanoe Club, by kind permission of President Day.



As he stood there pioneer  
Nathan Perry came running to-  
wards him.

“Is it good news, Levi?”  
he shouted.

“Well,” was the answer, “all  
I can say is we seem to be getting excellent reports from  
the Islands!”

On December 23, 1814, Cleaveland was incorporated as  
a village, and on January 12, 1815, the fresh young thing  
held her first ballot-box soiree. There were only twelve  
votes cast and nine voters were elected, with Alfred Kelly  
as president of the village. The voters who got no offices  
were Levi Johnson, A. W. Walworth, and Daniel Kelly,  
which, under the existing conditions, may be looked upon  
as quite an enviable distinction. Towards the close of this  
decade two great levers were added to Cleaveland’s outfit.  
On January 12, 1817, the village trustees established a  
school house at the corner of Bank and St. Clair streets,  
and on July 31, 1818, The Cleaveland Gazette and Com-  
mercial Register made its first appearance.

*Its circulation wasn't great,  
Its editor grew gaunt;  
And yet in spite of frowning Fate  
It filled a long-felt want!*



## CHAPTER VII.

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### GROWING PAINS.

*Cleveland's population grew,  
And her fact'ries they did, too.  
There was nothin' else to do—  
So she grew, grew, grew!  
—From Songs of the Square.*

THERE was little in the outlook of 1820 to warrant a sanguine belief in Cleveland's future greatness. The village floated on with the tide, but a mighty slow tide it was. So slow that an acute observer, no matter how cute, couldn't tell half the time whether it was ebbing or flowing. Nevertheless, there were stout hearts in the little village, and their owners were not the men to weaken in the face of discouragement. Truly, if it hadn't been for these stalwart villagers Cleveland might easily have ended the century as a suburb of Newburgh.

The necessity for a harbor grew more and more imperative. In 1817, the Walk-in-the-Water, the first steamer on the lakes, entered the port, but how she accomplished it is a mystery.\* She must have Walked-on-the-Sand-Bar. Vessels of moderate size couldn't get into the harbor at all,

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\* See "Ships that Pass in the Night, and Also in the Daytime," by Luther Allen.

but had to anchor outside and send their freight—human and otherwise—ashore in small boats.\* When the anchors didn't hold—and they didn't when the wind blew strong—the vessels meandered ashore dragging their anchors behind them.

It was Representative Whittlesey who remarked that it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a temperate lake captain to get past the bar in the Cuyahoga. In 1825 Levi Johnson built the *Enterprise*, 250 tons, and couldn't get her over the bar until the next year. Representative Whittlesey finally got an appropriation of \$5,000 for the Cleaveland harbor.† This was later increased to \$10,000. The work was hastily begun, after a bar examination and a delay of several months, on October 27, 1827. On June 27 of the next year—which was a Friday—several vessels drawing seven feet or less passed in and out over the bar, which was damp now most of the time. It had been raining a good deal, however, and the river must have been unusually wet, so this was not looked upon as a fair test. But the bar was doomed to a perpetual watery grave. In April, 1829, there were actually six and one-half feet of water in the channel. That was enough for the biggest vessels of the day, and the older citizens, who as boys had been in the habit of wading through the ten inches of water across the mouth of the river, were amazed and delighted. In 1833 there were eleven feet in the channel, and the sands of life of the bar had all run out.



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\* "Lake Freights," by W. G. Mather.

† Compare with "River and Harbor Bill," by Theodore E. Burton, M. C.

In the matter of schools Cleaveland was slow. The first school in the county was a family school up in the Kingsley settlement, where Mistress Sarah Doan taught the young pioneers in 1800. The first school in Cleaveland was established in 1814, and in the next year it appears to have been permanently located at the southeast corner of St. Clair and Bank streets.\* Of the school pedagogues J. W. Gray and Harvey Rice constituted the faculty. An examination in contemporaneous geography and history as conducted in this ancient academy school would have a novel effect if repeated at the beginning of the present century. For instance:

Principal Gray — "Where do you live?"



Pupil — "In the village of Cleaveland, sir."

Principal Gray — "How large is Cleaveland?"

Pupil — "It has four hundred inhabitants, sir, and is one mile square, including men, women and children, but

exclusive of Indians and animals."

Principal Gray — "What are Cleaveland's principal products?"

Pupil — "Early settlers and corn whisky."†

Principal Gray — "What are the principal sights of Cleaveland?"

Pupil — "The Public Square, Leonard Case and Kelly's dog."

Principal Gray — "You may read your composition about the Public Square."

Pupil — "The Public Square is something with trees

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\* Contrast with latest report of Superintendent Jones.

† Minutes of first meeting of the Early Settlers' Association.



and bushes on it and is surrounded by Cleaveland. It is so called because it is as long as it is wide, and it is also quite thick. It is bounded on four sides by little or nothing, and the court house and jail, which is a terror to evildoers, is located on its top.

Ontario and Superior streets cross the Square. So do people who are in a hurry and cows. The public Square was discovered by 'Gustus Porter in 1796 who was no relation to the porter at Major Carter's tavern. With a few geysers and bay trees, a monument or two, sumptuously furnished and a rostrum which is for public speaking, the Square would be a first class place, and that's all I know about it."\*

Early in the '30s it was felt that the village was lacking in proper means of protection from fire. There wasn't much to protect, but still the early settlers had no houses to burn. So great was the risk that the pioneer would have found it difficult to get insurance—if there had been any to get. In the autumn of '32 the more progressive of the villagers held a meeting at Philo Scovill's Franklin House and resolved that an engine company should be formed. They christened it the Live Oak Company, Number I, and elected Captain J. R. McCauley foreman. Then they went to work to influence the village council to buy an engine. The conservative citizens didn't approve of this extravagance. They said the buckets were good enough. They claimed, too, that wherever the village wasn't well protected it was fire protected, which amounts to about the same thing. Nevertheless, the vil-



\*Compiled from "Early Essays for the Young," by B. U. Rannells.

lage fathers bought a hand-engine in 1833 which was the fore-runner of the glories of the department that was to follow.\* Yet, alas, January 24, 1834, when the village had its first serious fire, loss \$1,200, the department is said by the newspaper chroniclers to have been far from satisfactory. In 1836 Cleaveland semi-organized three fire companies and one hook and ladder company. The latter, according to the constitution and by-laws it adopted early in the year, was uniformed in the following manner: "The uniform of this company shall be a felt hat painted with the number of the company and a leather belt." This may be looked



upon as a light and airy costume even for the hardened villagers who manned the drag ropes. Their foreman was Erastus Smith.

Cleaveland was getting to be a little conceited along in the '30s. She chafed under her village bonds. She wanted to be a city and borrow money and have sidewalks and sewers and things, and a mayor and a city council, and a dog pound and a marshal, and codified ordinances and a nightwatch, and all those glittering features which go so far towards arousing municipal egotism. The fact is, in '36, even the surface sewerage was enjoying flush times. Immigrants were tumbling over each other in their eagerness to settle in the village. Only a few left the village without settling.† Business was

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\* "Brakes I Have Manned," by Col. W. H. Hayward.

† "Characteristic Habits of the Early Settlers," by S. L. Severance.



booming—booming that hadn't been equaled since Perry's at Put-in-Bay—and money, such as it was, was plentiful. No wonder the inflated village sighed for civic honors.

Finally, on March 5, 1836, the Legislature passed the city incorporation act.

*Oh, proudly gleamed each loyal eye,  
Each head was much inflated;  
Their city wasn't rated high,  
But 'twas incorporated!*



## CHAPTER VIII.

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### UPS AND DOWNS.

*Cleveland had her ups and downs,  
Her sorrows and her joys ;  
Though once the quietest of towns  
She now has smoke and noise.*

*—From Bond Street Ballads.*

ON FRIDAY—a day renowned in history for its mighty ventures, the fifteenth day of April, 1836, at a little after two o'clock in the afternoon, sun time,\* a party of young men might have been seen by any ordinary observer grouped within a certain dingy room in the old Court House on the Square. These young men, despite their juvenility, were the first City Fathers of the municipality, and they looked as if they felt the burdens of parental responsibility. Presently Justice George Hoadley rapped sharply with his knuckles on a nearby table.

“What’s up, George?” said Dick Hilliard.

“I am,” remarked the young Squire as he rose to his feet. “Hold up your right hands,” he added, and forthwith administered the oath of office. “You’re next, John,” he said as he sat down.

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\* Compare Ball’s Time.

Then as Mayor John W. Willey arose, a rousing cheer greeted him. He bowed, called the meeting to order and read an address. It was a nice address, full of large dictionary words, and it closed with this epigrammatic sentence: "The march of improvements will find sustenance by the way."

"So will the councilmen," said Horace Canfield as the applause died down.\* Then a shrewd looking young man stood up and the chair remarked: "The gentleman from the Second has the floor."

"I move," said the gentleman from the Second, otherwise known as Sherlock J. Andrews, "that Samuel Starkweather be elected secretary pro tem." The motion went



through with a whoop and a jump, and thus was the legislation of a great city fairly launched. Later on they elected Councilman Andrews president of the joint body, and chose young

Henry B. Payne, admitted to the bar less than two years before, City Clerk.† The last thing of importance the new council did was to adjourn.

Ohio City had stolen a march on Cleveland and secured a city charter first. Then she hustled around and held her charter election two weeks before sister Cleveland's. This was certainly a little rasping, but all feeling of bitterness was buried, or perhaps drowned, at a banquet given to celebrate the creation of the two cities at the Franklin House on Tuesday, March 9th. Citizens Anson Hayden and James S.

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\* See Dr. G. C. Ashmun's "Diagnosis of the Ailments of Councilmanic Bodies."

† See the City Clerks from Payne to Toland.

Clark presided, and after-dinner eloquence cut itself loose with a vengeance.\* The principal toasts are given below:

“The Twin Cities—Their interests are united; may their citizens strive to emulate each other in enterprise and good acts.

“The Pittsburgh and Cleveland railroad — No ties yet bind the two cities.†

“The American System — Whether solar or digestive is not mentioned.

“The Spirit of the Age — Popularly supposed to be rum.

“The City of Cleveland — Her position and prospects require no puffing. The time is not far remote when it may be said she was the second city of the State.” Truly the time came when she was, but no longer is.

At just what hour this banquet broke up the veracious chronicler does not state, but it will not require an india-rubber stretch of the imagination to picture the East and West Siders with locked arms strolling down the hill beneath the smiling moon, singing, “We wug go homitil bordig!” and separating with the fondest vows of eternal constancy at the Old Float Bridge.‡

Scarcely had the little city begun to feel easy in the civic collar and municipal breeching, when the inflation bubble burst with a dull sickening pop. The boom dated back to the early months of 1834. It was helped on by the rapidly increasing emigration. Previous to 1830 the settlement had been



\* Compare “Happy Efforts,” by James H. Hoyt.

† Consult C. L. Kimball’s “Advice to Tourists.”

‡ From Valentine Morris’ Unabridged Handbook on Bridges.

fed in population by newcomers from Down East, but commencing with the last named year many citizens of German birth or descent arrived and the village grew very fast, for that kind of a village. The eastern journals even began to comment upon Cleveland's prospects. In August, 1835, one of them said: "The whole place is noise, bustle and confusion." This was an astonishing state of affairs for a village of five thousand souls. Another journal commented in this wise on Cleveland's primitive style of architecture: "The buildings are either frame, clapboarded, and very neatly painted, or brick faced with blue gray stone, which is found in great abundance about three miles from here up



the creek, and which is excellent material for building."\* The first house in town, however, was built of brick. It was erected in '33 by Judge Samuel Cowles and stood on Euclid street on the land bought twenty-

eight years after by Bishop Amadeus Rappe for the location of the Ursuline Convent.

Every Clevelander, and a good many outsiders, thought the village was on the highway to municipal greatness with a down grade every foot of the way.† Early in 1836 the Buffalo Land Company actually sold lots in its great allotment in Ohio City for one hundred dollars per foot front, an almost incredible degree of distinction. Ten years later the same lots were offered to investors at \$20 per lot. It was in 1836 that the famous old Exchange Hotel, at the corner of Main and Center streets was opened to the public.

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\* "Primitive and Modern Architecture," by F. C. Bate.

† "Good Roads," by Hon. Martin Dodge.



At the time of its erection it was the very finest hotel in the west, and quite a marvel of elegant furnishings. A few months after its opening the bubble burst, the doors were closed and its mission as a hostelry was forever ended. In 1842 its fittings were sold at a sacrifice and many of Cleveland's finest residences came to be enriched by treasures from the old Exchange. Twenty-two years afterwards, on May 14th, 1863, while occupied as a pail factory, it was destroyed by fire.\*

The year 1837 was a crushing year for Cleveland. Failures followed failures, the bottom dropped out of values of all kinds, and money was not only scarce but most of it was bad.† In May the local banks were compelled to suspend specie payment and a panic was at the threshold. A citizens' meeting was held May 17th, and although the panic was avoided the city suffered for a half score of years after this cruel awakening. Perhaps, as the moralist who never knew loss nor sorrow says, it was all for the best. The Cleveland which rose triumphant over this slough of despair was built on the rocks of legitimate advancement and permanent solidity.

About this time the little city began to develop social aspirations. They were not sticklers for the rules of good form, however. It is doubtful if they had ever heard the expression. Nor was there a modern evening suit from Doan's Brook to the upper Walworth Run. Yet here and there an individual cropped out who made a pretence of



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\* "Inns and Outs of Hotel Life," by W. J. Akers.

† From "The Passing of Bad Money." See records of the Criminal Court.

eating pie with a fork, and in a few families the common practice of coming to the table in a knit jumper and no coat was openly discountenanced.

There wasn't any real aristocracy in the place, but cliques and sets were forming, and there was some tilting of noses when parties outside the charmed circle were mentioned. No doubt the ladies of these little mutual admiration societies would have become much more chummy if there had been any servant girl problem to discuss, but there were no real servant girls in the town at that early period, a shortage that must have worked a great hardship on the amateur humorists of the day, if there were any.

As for the young folks of '37, they had a good time in their own characteristic way. They gave no thought to anybody's social standing, and they played 'London Bridge,' and 'Little Sallie Waters,' and 'Copenhagen,' and 'drop the handkerchief,' and 'post office,' and other games in which kissing was more or less involved—the quantity depending somewhat upon the age and beauty of the participants, and a little on the state of the onion market.



## CHAPTER IX.

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### NEW TIES.

*The locomotive's merry toot  
Resounded far and nigh;  
The early settler had to root  
The cinder from his eye.  
—From Rhymes of the Rail.*

EVERYBODY in Cleveland recognized the fact that the city should connect with the outside world by rails and ties. The voters of the rival villages held a meeting in the Court House in November, 1835, to talk over the matter of aiding in the construction of a railroad to Cincinnati.\* A committee was appointed to memorialize the legislature in favor of the project. It was a good committee. Citizen John W. Willey was chairman and he was backed by citizens Josiah Barber, James S. Clark, John Waller, Horace Canfield, Anson Hayden and T. M. Kelley. Then there was another meeting on December 4th, same year, called to help along the proposed line between Warren and Cleveland. Pretty much the same good citizens were on hand again to favor the scheme. They went far enough this time to get a survey of the route and the estimated

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\* See D. J. Collver's Time Tables for Tired Travelers.

cost for the entire line. A double track road was contemplated with "rails of wood to be protected with iron," and the whole undertaking was estimated to cost about \$365,000, a truly modest figure. On March 3d, '34, the legislature had passed an act whereby Adam Barber, D. H. Beardsley, T. P. Handy, John Walton, Horace Perry, Lyman Kendall and James S. Clark, were authorized to construct a railroad from some point on Lot 413 to the harbor in Cleveland village.\* The other end of the line was at a stone quarry close to the corner junction of Warrensville, Newburg and Euclid townships, and then a depot was built under the supervision of Ahaz Merchant, engineer of the



road. The rails were laid through Euclid street to the city depot, which was just west of the Public Square, on the site afterwards occupied by the Forest City House. The motive power was horses and the road was operated for about four years and then abandoned. This

was Cleveland's first railway, but it would have been base flattery to call it the forefather of rapid transit.†

In that same year, 1834, the legislature incorporated four other railroads in which Cleveland was interested, among them being the famous Ohio Railroad, better known as the "Stilt road." The rails were supported on a double line of piles or posts with ties and stringers.‡ Piles were driven over a part of the line, commencing at a point near the location of the West Side Market House and continuing west. Over \$4,000,000 was raised by the company and,

\* "What I Know About Riparian Rights," by Newton D. Baker.

† See prospectus of Everett-Moore Syndicate.

‡ "Early Holdups in Cleveland," by Chief Corner.

as its charter gave it banking privileges, it issued several hundred thousands in paper money.\* Luckily for the traveling public or the part of it that hadn't invested in the company, the stilt road never got to the operating point and finally crashed out of sight in '45.

During the panicky year and years of consequent distress, the railroad projects languished. There was certainly no use of railing against failure. But the ties that bind sister municipalities in close embrace could not long be deferred. The citizens met in the Court House and appointed a committee consisting of T. P. Handy, Leonard Case, Richard Hilliard, John W. Allen and Peter M. Weddell. They recommended that the city borrow money to aid in the construction of railroads, more especially one hundred thousand dollars for the proposed Cleveland, Warren and Pittsburg line. The council carried out the recommendations of the citizens and the \$200,000 in time proved to be most admirably invested. On October first, '45, another citizens' meeting was the means of bringing about a two hundred thousand dollar subscription for the C. C. and C. railroad, but work on that line came to a stop in 1847 because no money market could be found for the city's bonds. The securities finally found a market and the work went merrily on. In April, '48, they were surveying for the Cleveland and Pittsburg and a few months later the dust began to fly. It really appeared to look as if the long



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\* "Primitive Banking Privileges," by J. J. Sullivan.



hoped for means of communication with the outside world was nearing Cleveland's gates. It was high time. In 1848 the only music of travel was the stage horn,\* or an occasional whistle from one of the boats of the two through lines between Buffalo, Sandusky and Detroit, or the soggy swish of the relaxing tow-line followed by the shrill profanity of the tow-path boy. Really, in 1849 Cleveland was almost isolated. Cincinnati† was a four days' journey, Pittsburg two days', New York a four days' stage trip and twenty-six hour railroad ride. In Mayor Josiah Harris' inaugural address, March, 1847, he said: "What changes in locomotion and transmission of intelligence in thirty years!



The contrast is scarcely credible, for then, a sturdy boy, I trudged whistling beside an ox-team through the scrub-oak village of Cleveland, on a forty days' pilgrimage from Yankee-land, and probably ahead of the mail at that!"‡

At last the city officials enjoyed their first junketing trip. It was on March 16th, 1850, over a completed section of one of the new railways which was rapidly approaching Cleveland. The locomotive that drew the special car, christened "Cleveland," carried the party fifteen miles in 27 minutes. Then they rode back again without the loss of a single man—the City Clerk, who was married, being the only one to stop over. In the evening a supper was enjoyed at the Weddell House at which the feast of reason and flow of soul were brilliantly

\*Early Tutors," by Edward L. Harris.

†A minor city on the Ohio River.

‡See C. C. Dewstoe's Mailing Lists.

developed. Councilman Hubby toasted "The Locomotive," the only motive that can ever induce a man to leave Cleveland. Citizen Harbeck pushed forward the following sentiment: "Cleveland in 1850 with her fifteen miles of railroad; Cleveland in 1855 with forty thousand inhabitants and four railroads concentrating here and terminating somewhere!" Citizen Ransom proposed "The Infant Industries of Cleveland" which was promptly referred to Councilman McIntosh, the nurseryman.

So with quips and jest the coming of the iron horse was signalized. Yet it meant far more to the little city than the prophesying merry-makers could comprehend. When they rode down the line that gusty March day, Fame, Wealth and Prosperity rode with them, side by side.

The morals of the little city were undoubtedly fairly developed at this period. There wasn't much going on that offered temptations to the unwary, and the money market was so tight that nobody could afford even the most unpretentious forms of dissipation, which leads to the conclusion that hard times have their advantages. It is doubtful if there was a solitary latch-key in all Cleveland in '37. They didn't lock up their houses then to any marked extent, and when they did they employed bolts and bars. And, of course, the citizen who came home in the small hours, and had to be let in by his anxious wife, couldn't fall back on the "club" as an excuse. There were no clubs and no lodges, and perhaps the best he could do was to say that he was out looking for shooting stars, or had been



loitering in front of the postoffice talking about Cleveland's g-glorious f-f-future.

The disorderly section of the city — and it really wasn't disorderly enough to boast about — lay along the river. Jack ashore has always been the same old Jack, and when the cry was "Strike up the band, here comes a sailor," the city watchmen — there were two of them when the force was at its maximum number — knew right away that there was sure to be trouble as soon as the hardy mariner had assumed the usual load. And it wasn't a pleasant thing to look forward to, either. There were no patrol wagons in those days, and the contract that required a city watchman, or even two of them, to take an obstinate jolly tar, whose legs were irresponsible, and whose obstinacy was fully developed, up the hill and several blocks on the level, was no light one. It is related that on one occasion a watchman had pretty nearly brought a rotund sailor up to the top of Lighthouse Street hill, when the mariner slipped from his grasp and rolling all the way to the bottom, plunged into the river, and swimming to the Ohio City side, merrily

defied the panting officer to come over and get him.

But, take it all in all, Cleveland was a very well-behaved municipal youngster, and a real credit to its Puritan bringing-up.



## CHAPTER X.

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### THE BATTLE OF THE BRIDGE.

*Then up sprang Sheriff Barnum,  
And shrilly he did cry :  
" I'll smash those hoodlums, darn 'em !  
Or know the reason why !"*

*—From "Barnum at the Bridge."*

THAT sanguinary struggle, the Battle of the Bridge, is paralleled only by the famous affair in which Horatius held the Viaduct across the Yellow Tiber, of which historian Macaulay, whom we may call a great poet as well, sings in unabridged form. It grew, the local fight not the Roman, out of the chronic state of envious irritation which affected the rival cities. It was increased by the gift to Cleveland of the Columbus street bridge, erected at an expense of \$15,000 by Edmund Clark, Richard Hilliard, C. W. Palmer, John W. Willey and James S. Clark. The citizens had built the bridge to aid the development of their real estate investments in Ohio City. On April 18, 1836, they gave the bridge to the City Council, whereat Ohio City waxed indignant. The latter felt sore because the owners vested all rights connected with the structure in the Cleveland Council. The Ohio Citizens claimed they had good

grounds for feeling sore. These were the grounds on which the west end of the bridge rested. They insinuated that if Cleveland wanted to run its old bridge up and down the river, over its own half of the stream, Ohio City had no objection, but she did object to holding up one end of a bridge that belonged to somebody else.

The tempest, however, was confined in the teapot, with occasional ominous lid-liftings, until the summer of 1837, when the mutterings of anger were changed into the red-mouthed dissonance of open war. In the spring of that year Cleveland's Council directed the City Marshal\* to remove the old float bridge, which having been pronounced a nuisance, was to be replaced by a permanent structure. The Ohio citizens howled in protest. An injunction was demanded and Judge Humphrey granted it. The work of removal was stopped, but owing to the grading of River street the approach to the bridge was in an impassable condition. To offset this

the council of Ohio City directed their Marshal† to obstruct the south end of the Columbus street bridge and also to cut away the draw.

Cleveland didn't propose to stand by and see any Marshal draw cuts for its property, and after the official in question dug a big hole and stacked up a lot of chips and other debris around it, the Clevelanders got out an injunction. In the meantime, some miscreants had made half a dozen unsuccessful



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\*See "Phrase Book of International Belligerency," by Judge J. M. Shallenbarger.

† "Other Marshals," by Marshal Frank Chandler.



attempts to blow up the southern abutments. On the night of October 27th an explosion destroyed part of the bridge and this encouraged an Ohio City mob to gather the next night and, with repeated blasts of gunpowder and the use of crowbars and axes, to do still further damage, the structure being rendered completely impassable by morning.

The Cleveland Council promptly ordered the bridge repaired and stationed a guard upon it. The situation was rapidly growing strained, especially so in the remaining underpinning of the bridge. At any moment the Cuyahogan tide might run red with fraternal and internal gore. It

was a critical hour. The chief command of the Cleveland forces was vested in Sheriff Barnum. The Ohio City cohorts were irregular troops with little or no heart. They were fighting against odds, and the outcome seemed dubious. The night of October 29th passed without further demonstration. On the afternoon of the next day, it was Sunday, October 30th, at two by the postoffice clock,\* the Ohio City attacking column, drawn up in close order and rapidly approaching the bridge, was discovered by the Cleveland skirmishers. At the head of the line marched the Brooklyn sappers with their axes; behind them came the Rockport miners with the explosives. Then approached the McCart street phalanx armed with crowbars. They were followed



\* "Early Times in the Cleveland Postoffice," by W. W. Armstrong.

by the Whisky Island stone-throwers, and the unarmed helots from the Flats. They moved forward in good order without music.\* The Cleveland skirmishers at once gave the alarm and Field Marshal Barnum drew up his line of battle. His right wing rested on the bridge railing, and his left curved in echelon across the opposite foot path. The praetorian guard of city deputies was massed in the center and at their head the doughty Barnum placed himself.

"Men of Cleveland," he said, "this day makes or breaks us quite. We are here to save our property from the rude despoiler. We must stand or fall—with the bridge—and if we stand here too long we are pretty sure

to fall with it. All I ask of you is to follow where I lead, but not to let me get too far ahead. Advance!" As one man the line swept forward. The movement came none too soon. Encouraged by the momentary non-interference of the Cleveland forces



the Ohio City cohorts were hard at work. Chips were flying; planks were yielding; an indescribable hubbub arose above the scene of destruction. Then came the heavy tread of the army of Cleveland. "Charge!" shouted the dauntless Barnum. The column swept forward. The formation was somewhat broken by the contour of the roadway, the wings swinging in and the line of battle assuming the form of a V with the gallant Praetorians and their leader at the apex, but as the point struck the enemy, the wings swung forward and in a moment the two armies were engaged in a

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\* Music as a Moral Factor," by Conrad Mizer.

hand to hand conflict. The first man to fall in the Cleveland ranks was the gallant Barnum, who was struck by a club and went down senseless. The loss of their beloved leader did not dishearten the Clevelanders, however. In fact they fought with redoubled vigor. There was a confused struggle in the roadway, a dozen or more shots were fired, and then the Ohio City troops turned and fled, leaving one of their number severely wounded on the field. The mob was broken and the bridge was saved.\*

Of course there was great excitement in both cities. Blood had been shed and the situation called for speedy interference on the part of all good citizens. A meeting was held in the Court House on Friday, November 1st, with John A. Foote as



chairman. A committee of twelve to arrange an amicable settlement was appointed, and Ohio City thereupon duplicated the number. The joint peace committee met and decided to leave the whole matter to the courts, the old float bridge to remain undisturbed. Cleveland's authorities waxed very wroth over this interference. They were decidedly

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\*And then the East and West Sides met  
And battled with a will;  
In Nineteen-hundred you can bet  
They'll both be fighting still.

—From manuscript found in a bottle on the banks of Giddings' Brook.

opposed to peace proposals, and meant to protect the city property and the city's rights at all hazards.

Nevertheless, the affair was adjusted without any further outbreaks, leaving the Battle of the Bridge to stand as the solitary internecine conflict of which the City of Cleveland can boast.



## CHAPTER XI.

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### A HOT TIME IN THE YOUNG TOWN.

*The firemen still had lots to learn,  
Tho' they were much admired;  
Whatever inside wouldn't burn  
Outside they promptly fired!*  
—From the Song of the Tub.

IT is doubtful if there can be given a fairer list of names of those who helped to launch the infant city, than is contained in the roll of members of the "Mutual Protection Society," which was organized February 13th, 1837, and officially approved by the City Council two days later. The M. P. S. was recruited for the purpose of protecting property at fires, a most philanthropic object\*, for be it known that the volunteer fire fighters were just a trifle less dangerous to property owners than the fire itself. If it was a small fire the energetic firemen were far more to be dreaded. Sometimes the flames generously spared a portion of the household belongings. Not so with the firemen. Nothing was left that could go through windows or doors. Feather beds were tenderly carried down stairs; mirrors and chinaware were hurled from second stories.

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\* "Philanthropic Objects I Have Met," by F. A. Arter.



Carpets were ripped up and chairs torn limb from limb. Not only did this eviction craze affect the owner of the house in flames; every near neighbor suffered from the same violent form of dispossession. The almanac of Poor Richard,\* then a greatly esteemed literary work, sagely observes that three removes are worse than a fire. The remove the *Cleveland* of 1836-7 most frequently suffered from was worse than any two fires.

This explains why the M. P. S. came into being. Its object was "the rescuing of merchandise and furniture of



every description, protecting it from improper usage, and conveying it, when expedient, to places of safety." Each member was to be fitted out with a bag with his name and the initials of the society

painted thereon. He was also provided with a belt holding two sheaths, one for a bed screw and the other for a screw-driver. The society was the owner of "ten large baskets with quantities of rope," and these were scattered among the members. The list of members of this salvage corps† at the time of organization is as follows: Orlando Cutler, president; William Milford, vice-president; Ahaz Seymour, Silas Baldwin, E. F. Gaylord, Benjamin Rouse, and Prentice

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\* From the Sam Briggs collection.

† "Salvage as a Fine Art," by E. G. Tillotson.

Dow, directors; Timothy Ingraham, secretary and treasurer; N. C. Winslow, J. A. Vincent, R. A. Snow, Henry Seaman, M. L. Hewitt, H. W. Clark, W. T. Smith, Samuel Raymond, T. P. Handy, Samuel Williamson, N. C. Hills, Sheldon Pease, D. W. Duty, Nicholas Dockstader, V. J. Card, John Doane, N. E. Crittenden, Samuel Starkweather, W. H. Snow, Moses White, S. L. Severance, J. B. Bartlett, Benjamin Harrington, E. F. Conkling, S. W. Crittenden, J. M. Brown, Daniel Tuttle, H. F. Brayton, C. C. Carlton, Mervin Clark, Gurdon Fitch, Alexander Sackett, S. T. Hurd, Ichabod Champion, Harvey Rice, W. G. Lines, J. L. Ransom, Stephen Woolverton, Richard Hussey, Benjamin Andrews.\*



So much for the public spirit of the leading men of the municipality. Nor was the social side of the community allowed to grow rusty in these earlier days of the city. It wasn't an age nor a place for dress suits, nor social clubs.† Yet when the community laid itself out to do anything big in the social line, the entire settlement was a social club in itself, and no blackballs. There was, for instance, the printers' festival in honor of the birthday of Benjamin Franklin, in March, 1848. It was held at the New England Hotel, then in charge of mine hosts Kelcey and

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\* "The Fathers of the Municipality," by Samuel Mather.

† Consult Pres. Herbert J. Boggis of the Colonial Club.

Bingham, and nearly every man of note in the city was present. The menu was considered a great triumph of culinary art—the expression is almost as old as palates—and was especially strong in quantity. It follows herewith :

MENU.

—

Soup

Side Dishes

Roasts

Game

Pastry

Preserves and Fruit

Of course where ignorance is bliss it is folly to worry over the absence of culinary French from this modest bill of fare.

Mayor J. A. Harris presided, T. G. Turner was orator of the occasion, and the music was furnished by the Cleveland Mechanics' Brass Band, J. M. Leland, leader.\* Toasts were responded to by the mayor, M. C. Younglove, B.



Andrews, John W. Allen, George Willey, Stephen I. Noble, and others. The long list of guests included citizens R. R. Herrick, T. P. Spencer, W. H. Hayward, Irad Kelly and C. L. Russell.

It was a vastly different occasion that called a goodly crowd of citizens to the river on September 27, 1849. They came to cheer and cry "Godspeed" to the barque "Eureka," which on that date dropped down through the channel and

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\* "Early Brass Bands I Have Followed," John H. Blood.

so on into the lake, and then away for the Californian El Dorado. It was a voyage of many months' duration, and there were quavers in the farewell cheers from the river bank as friends and relatives thought of the dangers of the ocean voyage and of the unknown land. Prominent among these fortune-seeking Argonauts were citizens John P. Jones, George B. Harvey, O. P. Cutter and George Hickox, all seeking fortunes through the far-off Golden Gate.

In December of the same year a new light was vouchsafed the city, and the people who had hitherto moved in darkness were delighted thereat. The building of the gas works had begun on May 18th, and pipes were laid in the follow-



ing July, but it was December before the new illuminant dazzled the dusky thoroughfares. The streets first to receive its benefits were Superior to the Square, south Ontario, Superior street hill, St. Clair street to Wood street, and portions of Water, River and Merwin streets. So pleased were the citizens with this novelty that they gathered every evening from all quarters of the city and made shrines of the lamp-posts. They smiled up at the flickering luminant until it seemed as if the gas must partake of the nitrous

oxide quality. They even loved its odor when it leaked.\*  
To quote the words of a local poet:

The glory of the stars and moon  
And comets, too, may pass;  
Then let 'em go — however soon —  
For Cleveland's burning GAS!†

The new light very slowly found its way into buildings, especially so into private houses. It was such a novelty that conservative citizens wanted to wait and see how it was received elsewhere before they ventured to take it in. It was fully a year after its appearance in the streets before the leading hotel of the city put up its first warning sign of this sort:

PLEASE DO NOT BLOW  
OUT  
THE GAS!!

So Cleveland found the threshold of her second half century brightly illuminated, and felt as she sprang across the dividing line that she was taking no leap in the dark.

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\* "Meters I Have Met," by C. H. Beardslee.

† Compare "Rhymes in Lighter Vein," by Mark Davis.



## CHAPTER XII.

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### THE RECORD OF THE YEARS

1796-1850.

*As Time, unmindful of the Fates,  
The record of the years unrolled,  
He left behind this bunch of dates,  
With here and there a chestnut old.*  
—From "Breakwater Ballads."

1796. July 22 — Go! Cleaveland starts. A small party of personal friends headed by General Moses Cleaveland come down to see her off.  
October 18 — The surveyors leave Cleaveland and the population drops to three.  
December 25 — Cleaveland's first family celebrates its first Christmas in the new settlement.
1797. January 1 — The pioneers exchange New Year's greetings. Cleaveland's population increases to fifteen, the greatest percentage of gain in its entire history.
1798. June 20 — Cupid visits the settlement.\* William Clement and Chloe Inches are made one by Rev. Seth Hart at the tavern of Lorenzo Carter. This reduces the population to fourteen. No cards.

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\* "Science vs. Sentiment," by President Cady Staley.

1799. September 4—The first germ\* of Cleaveland's manufacturing greatness takes the form of a grist mill.
1800. January 1—Cleaveland turns the century corner with but little prospect of ever turning another. Her population has gone back to seven souls—the others have gone back to Connecticut.
1801. July 4—Independence Day.† Pioneer Samuel Huntington ruins a cotton umbrella in a fight with a pack of wolves out Euclid way. Grand ball at Major Carter's tavern; the most successful function of the season.
- September 19—David Bryant erects the first distillery. Cleaveland is a wide open town at this period.
1802. April 5—First town meeting and election. Scarcely enough voters to fill the offices.
1803. May 17—Medicine Man Menopsy accused of malpractice, is sent to the happy hunting grounds by Big Son.
1804. August 10—First postoffice opens. This stamps Cleaveland as a progressive town.
1805. May 10—The right of the Red Men‡ to the Reserve is extinguished. Indians are advised to keep off the white man's grass.
1806. February 13—First police force§ is organized. It consists of John Shaw and Ezekiel Holly. The former is the day squad and the latter the night squad.

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\* "How Germs Grow," by Health Officer Friedrich.

† "One Fourth of My Youth," by A. B. McNairy.

‡ See Williamson's "Constitutional Rights of the Noble Red Man.

§ Consult Van Horn's "What a Little Force Can Do."

1807. February 10—Cuyahoga County is created out of Geauga and Trumbull Counties. Cleavelanders can now wake up in the morning and know where they're at.
1809. August 11—Cleaveland is declared the county seat, which gives Newburg a set back.
1810. March 29—Pioneer Elias Cozad lays the corner stone of a tannery.  
June 10—Dr. David Long, Cleaveland's first physician, arrives. The subject of a town cemetery is agitated.
1812. June 24—Omic is hanged on the Square. Business is also suspended for the time being.
1813. September 10—Battle of Lake Erie. A hot time off the Islands.  
September 11—First Court House\* is completed and the young settlement's trials begin.
1814. September 16—First school-house opens at corner of St. Clair and Bank streets. Not overcrowded.  
September 19—Levi Johnson's Pilot is launched. This is Cleaveland's original cruiser.  
December 23—Cleaveland is incorporated as a village and is none the worse for it.
1815. January 12—First village election is held, with twelve voters,† nine of whom receive offices.
1816. May 3—The Commercial Bank‡ of Lake Erie is established with Leonard Case as president, treasurer, chief depositor, draft clerk and janitor.  
June 9—The assessed valuation of Cleaveland is \$21,065. No tax dodgers reported.

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\*See Smith's "Do We Need a New Court House?"

†Consult Pope's "Casting Votes, and Other Castings."

‡See Alexander's "From the Commercial to the Caxton."

1817. April 23 — The Walk-in-the-Water, the first steamer on the Lakes, enters the harbor. Commerce is smoking up.  
September 11 — Alfred Kelly brought the first carriage to Cleaveland. Kelly's babies go riding.
1818. July 31. The Cleaveland Gazette and Commercial Register appears.\* Will it appear again?
1820. February 24 — First theatrical representation. Cleaveland finally given a show.  
July 14 — First stage leaves Cleaveland. Suburban rapid transit established.†
1822. September 11 — The Cleaveland Academy is established. Education comes higher.
1825. July 4 — Ground is broken for the Ohio Canal. Consternation among the village mules.
1827. September 13 — First ton of coal‡ is brought to Cleaveland. First smoke nuisance established.
1828. June 27 — The first schooners pass over the bar.
1830. January 1 — The population passes the 1,000 mark, which is much more than an ordinary passing event.  
May 21 — The first lighthouse is erected on the bluff at the north end of Water street. Vessel captains seeing the bluff carefully avoid the harbor.
1831. May 11 — The name of the city is changed from Cleaveland to Cleveland.§ Not much change in the town, however.
1832. March 20 — First village hearse is purchased. Though it excites much admiration, no one is carried away with it.

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\* See "Unpublished Reminiscences," by W. J. Morgan.

† Wason's "On the Track of the Early Promoters."

‡ Beidler's "Back to the Early Mines."

§ It is related in this connection that the foreman of the local weekly remarked to the editor: "Say, I'll be dummed if I can use this consarned new head without dropping out a letter." "Letter go," said the editor. And the "A" went.

1832. April 2 — First fire engine company, Live Oak No. I, is organized and sits around waiting for a fire.
1834. January 24 — First serious fire; loss \$1,200. Live Oak No. I promptly on hand; complete loss.
1835. June 12 — Cleveland's first strip of railroad is completed and the town is making tracks towards municipal greatness.
1836. March 5 — City incorporation act is passed by the Legislature. A great day for all concerned.  
April 4 — First city election. John W. Willey is made first mayor. No floaters reported.  
May 21 — First arrest in city. William Tax, unmarried, fired a gun within the city limits and is taxed two dollars and costs. He is the original single Tax.  
October 30 — Sam Scott establishes a high jump record, leaping from a mast-head into the river.  
November 12 — Cleveland Lyceum debated on the subject, "Ought the Right of Suffrage to be Extended to Women?" The negative won.
1837. January 4 — First breakwater legislation in City Council. With a few more boats and a good break-water the city's commercial standing will be assured.  
January 17 — City watch is established. Be good!  
February 13 — Mutual Protective Association is organized. Motto: "Save us from our friends — the firemen!"  
March 8 — First dog ordinance passed and dog-pound established. Many growlers rushed to the new resort.  
June 29 — First circus exhibited in city, corner Water and St. Clair streets. Hey, Rube! Hoopla!



1837. August 7—First professional horse race. Hi, there! Gitap!  
October 30—Battle of the Bridge.
1839. January 23—First military ball at the Weddell House. Choose your partners for the Virginia Reel!  
August 1—First parade of Cleveland school children, 600 strong. Public education is marching on.  
November 17—Outhwaite & Co's soap factory burns. Fire makes a clean sweep.
1840. April 13—Ordinance adopted to restrict hogs from running at large. A good deal of grunting.
1841. August 11—Nothing doing.\*
1842. March 17—First celebration of St. Patrick's Day.  
July 12—Ex-President Martin Van Buren comes to town, escorted by Cleveland's brass band. He doesn't stay long.
1847. September 23—Cleveland's first telegraph office is opened. It had been wireless† up to this time.
1849. June 18—The Society for Savings is established. There's money in it.  
September 29—A party of local adventurers, with lots of sand, sail on the barque Eureka for California. They are out for the dust.  
December 16—Gaslight first dazzles the city's streets.

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\*I. e., a quiescent condition in commercial circles.

† "Wire and Its Uses," by A. T. DeForest.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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### THE MILITARY SPIRIT.

*With fife an' drum they come, they come,  
Their glory fills the street;  
In blue, in gray, they fade away —  
I miss their vanished feet.  
—From the "Song of the Smoothbore."*

IT was natural that a community which in its early days had to be constantly on the defensive in order to insure self-preservation against redskins and red coats, as well as against wild beasts and beastesses,\* should be imbued with the military spirit. A grave mistake has been made concerning the pioneer. He didn't penetrate the trackless wilderness ax in hand as he is so graphically pictured.† Instead of blazing his way he blazed away. He stalked into the primeval forest with a smooth bore musket in one hand and a bottle of rum in the other, both muzzle loading and both equally destructive at short range. If the Indian didn't get the contents of one he did of the other, and the pioneer considered himself fortunate as long as neither his ammunition nor the redman ran dry.‡

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\* Compare Director Salen's "Wild Animals I Have Met in Wade Park."

† See Gallery in Cleveland School of Art.

‡ "Early Scenes on Erie Street," by Charles Hickox.

Small wonder then that a military organization was effected within a few years after the founding of Cleveland. There wasn't much time for soldiering and few to soldier, but the organization seems to have been kept up in a sort of irregular way — there being no Regulars among them — for several years. When the war broke out in 1812 the local military spirit ran high — as high as the Woodland Hills on one occasion, and it ran fast.\* No less than two companies volunteered their services in the county, though where the volunteers came from is a mystery. There is some ground for believing that like the armies of the petty German principalities, more especially the Grand Duchy of



Gerolstein, the offices were carefully filled first, and if a half dozen or less patriots happened to be left over, they were promptly transformed into high privates.†

The legislature early adopted a militia law that seems to have been discreetly though effectually disregarded, and Cleveland marched forward from 1813, or thereabouts, to the incorporation of the city, without any military escort worth mentioning.‡ In 1837, however, it appears to have occurred to the young men of the tiny city that it would be a good thing to play soldier. It is a tradition that this commendable idea was fostered and coached by Citizen Timothy Ingraham, who hailed from Connecticut, where there were real soldiers as well as tin ones. Anyway, a notice appeared in the *Daily Advertiser* on August 16th, 1837, in which the "True Blues" were

\* "When I Ran Fast," by C. W. Stage.

† "Early Military Tactics," by Major W. J. Gleason.

‡ Compare with Dr. Elroy M. Avery's "Cleveland in a Nutmeg Shell."

asked to attend a meeting at the American House on the next Friday for the purpose of electing officers. The Blues evidently were not a fast color\* — fast colors being desirable only during a hasty retreat, for on the day in question they formed themselves into the City Guards. On August 28th the Guards elected officers, making the redoubtable Timothy Ingraham captain, with A. S. Sanford first lieutenant and Benjamin Harrington second lieutenant. The Guards had a spasmodic sort of existence during the autumn and winter, but early in June of the next year a call appeared for the "Greys." Notwithstanding this, the Guards was the only military company in line in the procession on the Glorious Fourth. The "Greys" were in the field, however, and they met at their armory in Military Hall on Ontario street twice a week during the following July, and there is no doubt the raw recruits felt all the rawer after the hot service they were called upon to undergo.† On November 29th,



1838, they made their first appearance with Captain Timothy Ingraham, late of the Guards, at their head, and with twenty-eight men rank and file, and not so very rank either, behind him. On January 23d, 1839, they gave a grand military ball at the American House, which was the greatest event in the terpsichorean line that the young city had ever known, although the surviving pioneers might have claimed that there was more real enjoyment in those hoe-downs in Major Carter's tavern. At this famous ball "Gentlemen attached to the military were requested to appear in uni-

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\* "Fast Colors and Some That Run," by George C. Groll.

† Consult official reports of Forecaster Kenealy.

form," but there is no fear that the glittering trappings of the hosts themselves were put in the shade by any outside competition.\* The Grays—revised spelling—were now so well organized that they had become a recognized social



as well as military factor. When they turned out the city turned out to see them. When they turned in the city sighed—both the East Side and the West Side—and went to bed.

From this early Gray organization—in the early gray dawn of the military epoch—came the Cleveland Gun Squad, the original foundation stone of the later Cleveland Light Artillery, that left its mark on numerous battlefields, and still survives in veteran guise. There were other military companies that strutted for a brief spell and then retreated into oblivion, but the Grays and the Gun Squad† were the sole forerunners of the long and glittering pageant that was to follow after.

It may be found interesting to peruse the lines of a curbstome admirer, who on occasions too numerous to mention has stood and enjoyed the pomp and circumstance of the amateur warriors :

What is it comin' down th' street  
With shinin' guns an' stiddy feet,  
An' gol' lace glitt'rin' everywhere,  
An' hats thet's like the skin of bear,  
An' some, with swords, thet strut an' stride?  
Thar ain't but little money made  
In Cleveland when th' Grays parade.

\* "Competition and Its Compensations," by C. H. Gill.

† From Personal Reminiscences of Hon. O. J. Hodge.



By gum, I'd sooner run a mile  
Than miss 'em with their dazzlin' style!  
Thar ain't a capt'in in th' land  
That ever looks so big an' grand!  
There's nothin' finer I'll be bound  
Than when they sling their guns around.  
Some sights I've seen that cannot fade —  
I'm thinkin' of the Grays parade.

Th' people flock to see th' boys  
An' greet 'em with admiring noise,  
An' holler at an awful rate  
When they go wheelin' like a gate.  
I watch the sojers, side by side,  
But yellin' isn't dignerfied.  
Oh, things look bad for school an' trade  
In Cleveland when th' Grays parade.

—*The Song of the Sojer Man.*\*

Naturally, the tactics used by the early military commands were somewhat primitive. It was before the days of Hardee and Upton, and the drillmasters had to depend largely upon tradition, backed by limited observation. There was a worthy Prussian who had served in the army of his native land, and had come to Cleveland because he tired of military duties. He wanted to help along the infant companies and so he wrote out from memory a few Prussian regulations for the school of the soldier. Several of these have been preserved, and are herewith printed for the first time:

“Rule Dwenty-tree—Ven der gommand vas gif oudt py de gommanding officer ‘Left veel forwards,’ den der

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\*Early Recollections of Col. John N. Frazee.

man at de left of de gompany he standts right still chust like he vas glood down alretty, und all de odder fellers valk aroundt mit dere funny bones exackly touching a leetle, but not teeckling, undil der line vas chust berpendicular by itselluf—und dere you are!

“Rule Sigsteen—Ven your gommanding officer abbroaches contagious to you, you must gif de salloot. Put your tumb in your left ear und weeggle your fingers. Den draw pack bote feets mit a skimaltaneous movements, und trop de left handt shmartly on de obbosite side of der pants. Holdt your breath in dees bosition undil you gount nine.

“Rule seexty-sigs—Ven der gommanding officer says ‘Halt,’ und you are marching forwarts, don’t do it!”



## CHAPTER XIV.

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### DELIBERATE DEVELOPMENT.

*The city struck a rising grade  
And took it by degrees;  
For she was but a growing maid,  
And wobbly in the knees.*

—From "Ditties of the Docks."

THE decade that carried Cleveland up to within hearing distance of the tocsin of war—which never talks in muffled tones—was slow. It was even poky. It was like the flow from the spigot in the molasses barrel that the grocer's boy turned on, and forgot about. He left it running and then did some running himself, because he had determined to cut loose from the peppery grocer and turn pirate.\* He came back after pirating for ten years, and found the molasses still running—but the measure wasn't half full yet.

But if the decade was slow and a little sticky at times, it was a period of interesting municipal beginnings. The railroads, the water works, the electric telegraph, the consolidation of Cleveland and Ohio City, the police court, the street car lines—all date back to these deliberate ten years.

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\* See "Freshwater Pirates," by E. W. Radder.

They introduced to the city numerous infantile additions that developed in after years into ornaments and models of citizenship. They brought to town the greatest crowd that Cleveland had ever known,\* when the Perry Monument was dedicated, and they included the period during which the late Artemus Ward, of uproarious memory, found food and shelter, and more or less raiment within the city's honored voting precincts — being without question the First Ward of them all.† In short, there was something doing in Cleveland betwixt and between 1851-1861, even if the procession did lag a little at times.



In January, 1850, the Amalgamated Association of Well Cleaners received a severe shock. For years they had enjoyed a monopoly. They were constantly in de-

mand, and there is no telling how many missing pussies, or mislaid boots, or strayed tin dippers they annually brought to the surface. But they saw the handwriting on the wall — and prepared to kick the bucket — when Alderman William Bingham‡ introduced a resolution in the council asking Mayor William Case to appoint a committee of three who should at an early date report a plan for supplying the city with water. So the mayor named the committee and the current was set in motion. It wasn't a deliriously rapid

\* "How to Corner Crowds," by the Superintendent of Police.

† See *Reminiscences of James F. Ryder*.

‡ "In Days of Yore," by William Bingham.

motion, however. There was a great deal to be done to get it started. There were heated arguments over cold facts, there were surveys and plans, there was a legislative act to be passed, and an engineer to be consulted, and money to be borrowed. In fact, it was not until 1856 that the water was turned on, and Cleveland's first pipe dream became a reality.



In the meantime Cleveland had set up a police court and was giving her first police judge a reasonable amount of patronage. Some of her citizens were qualifying as old offenders, and numbers of them were making precedents of themselves in a most zealous and unselfish fashion. Naturally, with everything so new along this special line of dispensed justice, it was to be expected that the judge occasionally had to feel his way with extreme caution.

"With what is the prisoner charged?" the ornament on the bench enquires.

"With arson," the gentlemanly prosecutor replies.

The judge looks puzzled.

"This is our first case of arson, I believe," he says.

The prosecutor nods and the judge looks still more puzzled.

"Was the alleged offence committed before or after dark?" he faintly asks.

"I believe it was," replies the prosecutor.

"Were the goods found on his person?" enquires the judge.

"Nothing was found on him save his clothes and a stone bruise," replies the prosecutor.

The judge lapses into a gloomy silence. Then he catches at a straw.



"Was he intoxicated at the time of the alleged offence?" he suddenly asks.

"He was, your honor."

The judge brightens up.

"That's my specialty," he chuckles. "Three days in the county jail on bread and water for habitual intoxication. Sentence suspended during good behavior for 'tother offence. Remove the prisoner. By the way, Mr. Prosecutor, what do you understand this alleged arson to be?"

"Setting fire to a hencoop, your honor," the prosecutor replies.

"Probably fond of roast chicken," the judge slyly insinuates, and a roar of laughter goes up from both officials and loungers. Which shows that police court humor is not exclusively a flower of later growth.

About this time giddy young Cleveland was making eyes across the Flats\* at that coy maiden, Ohio City. He was getting to be a big boy now, and he wanted her for his ownest own. But Ohio City was dreadfully demure and not to be lightly won. Finally, it was in 1854, young Cleveland mustered up all his courage and shouted across the turbid Cuyahoga, "Be mine, be mine!"

"This is so sudden, Cleve," said the fair one, and then she went way back and sat down and had a pow-wow with her folks. And Cleveland had a pow-wow with his folks, and then they actually voted on it, and the votes approved the union, and the terms of annexation were agreed upon in June of the same year, and Cleve-



\* "Fun on the Flats," by E. L. Fisher.

land promised to take all the lady's money and be responsible for her debts, and a joint committee put their names to the agreement, and then both cities passed the matrimonial ordinances, and on June 6, 1854, the two were happily united. There were no cards, and no cake, and no favors, and no flowers, and no ring—the joint city councils being young and inexperienced as yet, but everybody seemed pleased, and almost everybody predicted long life and unclouded skies to the happy pair.



The East sighed, the West sighed,  
Then their troth was plighted;  
Firm the nuptial knot was tied  
That the two united.\*

But although the little city had added an entire new side to her area, although she now had gas, and water, and increased taxation, there was a limit to her extravagance. She had a chance to buy a steam fire engine at a bargain, a marked-down-Friday-sale bargain, and she didn't do it. Afterwards she was sorry enough for it, no doubt.

Inventor Shawk, of Cincinnati, brought up his steam engine for a trial exhibition, and on May 4th, 1855, at the corner of Bank and Superior streets, it was shown to a gaping crowd of local yokels. When he fired up and the big machine began to throb and rumble, the crowd discreetly shrank back. Some of them shrank back as far as Seneca street. But it was noticed with much local pride, that the

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\* See examples of valentine verse in the F. H. Baer collection.

Council Committee, headed by the mayor, stoutly held its ground, turning up its coat collar when the spray grew a little dense, but otherwise preserving its sangfroid in the most admirable manner. Inventor Shawk had two streams playing in opposite directions, large thick streams that deluged the roadway and flushed the gutters. Then he hurled a line of water over the flagstaff on the Weddell House, and incidentally soaked a curious chambermaid who chanced to be looking out of an upper window. In short the inventor beautifully contrasted the untiring energy of



steam with the easily-fatigued muscles of poor humanity.

But there was a strong prejudice on the part of the volunteer fire department of the city against introducing this sooty and rumbly rival

into the community, and so when the committee heard Shawk's price they told him it was another shock, and that they couldn't think of reporting it favorably. This, it will be remembered, was before the days of the suave advance agent, with his glib tongue, and his champagne suppers, and his ready checkbook.

On a memorable Saturday in August, 1856, a certain quaint building that was known to all Cleveland, was formally abandoned by its occupants and left to those destructive tenants, the rats. This was the Ark, wherein for many years a band of congenial souls had held delightful converse

—and some wassail. The homely old building was built back in 1823, and had served the first Leonard Case, that Case who was the entire staff of Cleveland's earliest banking institution, from president to janitor, as a law office. When he retired from the legal profession in 1835, and gave up all his cases, save William and Leonard, the younger, those worthy sons of a worthy sire took possession of the structure and presently gathered about them the friends most dear to their hearts. The crew of this quaint craft in the early '50s consisted of William Case, Bushnell White, Stoughton Bliss, John Coon, Dr. Elisha T. Sterling, Henry G. Abbey, Richard K. Winslow, George A. Stanley, Edward A. Scoville, Leonard Case, David Cross, Dr. Alleyne Maynard, James J. Tracy, and B. A. Stanard.\* And so, on this eventful Saturday, the old hulk, which had served by turns as office, study, museum, laboratory and club house, was left to the mercy of the winds, and the corrosion of Time. The Ark had reached its final Ararat, and the flood tides of wit and good fellowship were to surround it no more. As a local writer remarked at the time in one of the dailies:



"The world-famous Noctes of Kid North could hardly surpass the wit and wisdom that have found voice during the nightly meetings within the little old building."

Dark clouds hung over Cleveland in '57. It was a time of serious financial depression, from the effects of which

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\* Compare Tracy's "Archaeological Recollections."



the city was slow in recovering. Merchants whose credit was good when they retired at night, awoke in the morning to find themselves financial wrecks. Banks tottered, swayed, and smashed. Money was incredibly scarce, and what there was of it was little better than rags. There was no humorous side to so dismal a period.

Yet into this condition of gloom a gaunt young man, whose nature was in sharp contrast to the local depression, contrived in the autumn of '57 to introduce himself. There



was little about this youngster to attract special attention. He had the usual number of features and limbs, and he ascended the stairs that led to the Plain Dealer editorial rooms by placing one foot before the other in the traditional way. Yet this gaunt and shabby youth, who bore a nose like the beak of a ship with a tilt to larboard, was Browne, the new reporter from Toledo; Charles Farrar Browne,

in fact, of whom the world was to hear much in later years, and whose pen-name is never mentioned without incidentally bringing credit and renown to the city that unconsciously cradled his early genius.\*

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\* Consult the epistolary remains of A. Ward, Rowfant edition.



## CHAPTER XV.

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### THE COMMODORE AND SOME OTHERS.

*They carved O. Perry out of stone,  
And thar he stood alone, alone;  
Until they sat the sailor boys  
On either side to share his joys.  
—From "Songs of the Square."*

THE year 1860 must be given large red figures on Cleveland's calendar.\* It was a stirring year for the ambitious little municipality, and the circling ripples that followed the stirring process endured for many a day. In the spring the local passer paused with look that seemed aghast, as he heard the pleasant jingle of the horse car rumbling past.† Early in July the famous Ellsworth Zouaves came to town, headed by their lamented commander, and showed what a zou-zou drill was like. They formed hollow squares in the crowded Square, and then presto! they would appear amid a pyramid of baggy breeks, and cute little jackets, and natty white overgaiters. It was Cleveland's first acquaintance with bloomers as an article of dress, and she admired them, little thinking how

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\* For other interesting dates and data consult Librarian Orr of Case Library.

† From "Early Problems in Rapid Transit," by Superintendent Mulhern.

this warm approval would be turned to cold contempt in the bicycle era a generation later. In this same month of July the old court house on the Square was sold to a wise guy from Solon,\* who secured the ancient structure for a paltry \$60, and presently carted it away.

The year was marked, too, by a brisk political campaign, that—although Cleveland knew it not—was fraught with the most serious consequences to the republic. If the local voter had laid his ear to the ground he might have heard the deep mutterings of discontent south of the Mason and Dixon line. But the voter didn't do this. In fact, he never dreamed that the dogs of war were lurking



in the shadows at his very door.† Probably he wouldn't have known a dog of war if he had come on it suddenly. But they were there, tugging at the leash and thrusting out their red tongues. So they went ahead with their campaign—the voters, not the dogs

—and held their election and gave Abraham Lincoln a plurality of 1,265 in a total vote of 7,529.

This was a rather important election, if history can be trusted, but it didn't hold a tallow-dip in importance to the unveiling of the monument that commemorated Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry's gallant victory over the British fleet at Put-in-Bay. It is true that the event had a long start of the monument, but that seemingly couldn't be

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\*Solon was an ancient law giver, but what this has to do with a \$60 court house is not apparent.—Note by the editor.

† "A state of affairs that shows a lamentable lack of respect for the dog ordinance."  
—From early records of the Humane Society.

helped. Anyway, it was not until 1857 that the agitation for the memorial really began. A council committee was appointed to secure a suitable design, and early in 1858 this committee reported that it had gone so far as to contract with a local firm for the whole thing. But matters remained in statue quo for some time, and it was not until the 10th of September, 1860, that the monument, without the midshipmen that afterwards flanked the main figure, was in a condition to unveil. What a day of days that was! People flocked in from miles around to see the pageant and its crowning act. It was the greatest crowd Cleveland had ever known, and as there were no bunco steerers, no freight bill swindlers and no green-goods promoters in town, the rural visitors had the time of their somewhat monotonous lives. There was an encampment and numerous parades,\* the city appeared in gala attire, and almost everybody of importance was doing committee work. On the eventful day there were many men of distinction present, and George Bancroft delivered an oration, and there was another parade, and more speeches, and general hilarity. Yes, and all this over a modest home-made monument that didn't cost \$10,000 all complete and all told. Of course it was the hero the city had elected to honor, and not the modest effigy, that gave character to the occasion. And yet in those days that heroic figure† with its tight breeches, and its rigid arm pointing eternally in the direction of the first waterworks crib, was considered decidedly fetching.



\* "Parades I Have Led," by Col. John Gibbons.

† See examples of early plastic art in Cleveland Art Gallery. (In contemplation.)



Of course there were several survivors of the famous seafight present at the dedication, and among them was Louie Dinkelheim, who had served as gunner's mate on the "Lawrence." Upon being asked to tell the story

of the battle, Gunner Dinkelheim, who was still hale and hearty despite his seventy years, responded as follows:

"Der pattle of Lage Erie vas der werry finest as well as der werry feerst pattle I vas effer seen gefighted yet. Py Chiminy crashus! how ve soaked dem redgoats!\*" It vas chust like dis: Allofer Berry—and I dink dey called him Allofer because he vas effryvere yet at de same time alretty—he says chust like dis, 'Louee,' he says, 'Louee,' dot's Ime, 'Louee, I guess maype ve vill go oudt und shoot dem Englisher fellers off der lage, ain't it?' Dot made me schmile. 'Vell,' I says, 'dot's a pooty goot ting. Do it.' Und Allofer says, 'Louee, if you are py de scheme contoosiastic ve vill do it.' Und so ve vent right oudt und dood it. It vas choost like dis: Right away gwick de Pritishers vas down on us—and dey vill pe down on us for a long time yet. Misder Parclay, he vas der Pritishers' captain mit de viskers, pegan der pattle py heaving a cannon pall at us, und right away gwick Allofer heaved to.† Ve pounded dere hulls mit our six pounders, und pooty soon dey hat to put oop new spars. 'Hooray, poys,' shouts Allofer, 'dey are sparring for vind!' So ve shootet a punch of grape shot at de enemy, und Parclay cried, 'Yankee hund, you haf cut de deck!' Den Allofer cries,

\*I. e., Triumphed over the wearers of the British uniform.

†A nautical movement known to excursionists to Put-in-Bay.



‘Dot’s my trick,’ und brepered to deal dem anodder plow. Howeffer, pooty soon yet, de ‘Lawrence,’ dot’s de poat ve vas in, pegan to go down py herselluf, und Allofer says to me, ‘Louee, I guess ve hat petter move yet. Dere is vater in der cellar und it aindt helt’y. Let’s go ofer to der ‘Niagara.’ I schmiled. ‘Subbose der ‘Niagara’ falls?’ I said. ‘Louee,’ he said, ‘you are a choker.’\* Und so ve rowed ofer to de ‘Niagara,’ und de pullets fell so tick in de vater all aroundt us dot ve got gwite soaked from de splashes. Und pooty soon Allofer got mat all ofer und said ‘I vill shoot dose Pritishers so full of holes as a Schweitzer kase.’† Und dot vas de case eggsackly. Den it vasn’t no dime at all ven de Pritishers got enough und to spare, und troo up dere hands und cried ‘Ve gif in!’ So me und Allofer vent ofer to Put-in-Bay und hat some beer, und den ve shteppeed across to de telegraph office, und after ve thought a long time so ve could say it all in not more dan ten vorts, ve sent a vire to de Segretary of Var in vich ve said, ‘Ve haf der enemy meeted und dey are our meat!’”



Of course there were poems as well as speeches in honor of the occasion. There were also odes. Perhaps the best of these rhyming tributes was the one from which the following sample verses are extracted:

The Briton rounded Kelley’s isle  
 And yelled, “Come hout an’ fight!”  
 And Perry said, “You make me smile.  
 I’ll fight all right, all right!”

\* From after-dinner examples of primitive humor by D. H. Kimberley.

† A species of food which consist of irregular holes surrounded by cheese.



And so he hung out every sail  
And sailed out to the fray,  
And called upon his gunners hale  
And bade them hail away.

“Give up, or I will riddle you,”  
The fearless Barclay cried.  
“Your riddle I’ll give up, ’tis true —  
But nary ship beside.”

At ten o’clock the scrappers meet,  
And ere three hours had sped  
’Twas “Good-bye, boys, with Barclay’s fleet,”  
So Perry smiling said.

Then with a message full of glee  
He startled all the powers;  
He said, “We’ve met the enemees,  
And now, by gum, they’re ours!”



## CHAPTER XVI.

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### WAR AND SOME LESS SERIOUS THINGS.

*The tocsin rang throughout the North—  
A warning and a knell;  
And countless loyal sons marched forth  
When Sumter fell.  
—From "Songs of the Volunteers."*

THE War of the Rebellion, whose beginning was precipitated like a thunderbolt from the smokeless sky, brought consternation to Cleveland as it did to every other northern city.\* There had been belligerent mutterings, it is true, but there had been so many mutterings that they were not regarded seriously. Yet Cleveland responded quickly and nobly despite the surprise. The echoes of the guns of Sumter had not died away when the first local companies were on their way to the Ohio rendezvous.\* Perhaps the serious character of the work cut out for them, and for those that followed, was not fully appreciated. It was better so. The truth was revealed quite soon enough. For four weary years the cloud rested over Cleveland as it did over every loyal city. There were tidings of disaster and tidings of victory, there were days

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\* See History of the Cleveland Grays.

of sorrow and nights of tears and prayer. Volunteers went forth, and some came back, and some slept the last sleep where they fell. But through it all, through the darkest hours, the city did not waver in her fealty to the flag that floated above the sons she sent forth, inspiring them to still braver deeds.

There was little or no humor to be extracted from these days of doubt and danger. The raw recruit took on a new dignity when he donned the loyal blue, and those bugaboos, the rumors of rebel raids upon the city, were fraught with too much of possibility to be laughable. And so the



years of conflict wore on until one night in April, just four years from the month of the uprising, a wildly hilarious band of hysterical citizens paraded Superior street and noisily celebrated the fall of Richmond and the prospective return of peace. How soon the echoes of this night of rejoicing were merged in the lamentations that were heard when Lincoln fell!

Of course the great conflict was the overshadowing reality of the year 1861, but there were certain other events that served to interest the citizens, and draw their attention, for the time, at least, from the chronicles of the conflict.

It was in this year of '61, with the wind in the right direction, that a strange odor came up from the Flats\* and diffused itself through the shuddering atmosphere.

"What'n thunder's that awful smell?" asked one Clevelander of another as he sniffed disgustedly.

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\*For further humorous particulars concerning the Flats, see the records of the Lumbermen's Association.

"Dode you know?" replied the other who had a tight hold on his nose. "Sub fellers hab started ub ad oil refinery dowd od de Flats."

"They've started up a first-class nuisance all right," snorted the other man, "and it ought to be abated in short order."

But the nuisance lingered, and strengthened, and spread out, and a pall of smoke hung over the valley, and the sluggish river bore an oily coating, and long processions of blue barrels came up from the depths. And pretty soon this oil refining came to be recognized as Cleveland's leading industry, and the odor of its unsavory product, wafted by the winds of commerce, bore the name and fame of the city through many lands.\*



It was evident that this great industrial factor exerted a marked — and possibly a refining — influence on the local public. Men talked of oil, dreamed of it, smelt of it. Their remarks might be crude, but there was a good deal of substance to them. All the Clevelanders who went to the Pennsylvania oil fields did well. Some of them did several wells.† And a number of them found the road to fortune so lavishly lubricated that they slid into wealth with a celerity that must have astonished them as much as it did their friends and neighbors.

As the oil business grew it gave employment to so many Clevelanders, old and young, that there were few families unrepresented.

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\* Consult first prospectus of Standard Oil Co.

† "Never Grow Weary in Well Doing," by Director Cooley.

"What department is your son in?" one citizen asks another.

"He's in the barrel department," is the reply.

"What are his duties?"

"Sorting bungholes. And where is your son?"

"He's in the 'blessing' section of the shipping department."

"What does he do?"

"Returns t'anks."

In August of this year, Charles Farrar Browne, "Artemus Ward," who had left the city followed by the dubious



well wishes of his local friends, came back to his old haunts a famous humorist, and was cordially welcomed by a host of admirers who knew all along that he was sure to succeed.\* The art of interviewing was then in its infancy, but one of the leading dailies had the enterprise to detail its best reporter to meet the eminent joker and draw from him a choice melange of the spontaneous witticisms for which he was so famous. The reporter

sharpened his best pencil, and spread out his pad, and then proceeded to hold up the great fun maker as follows:

The reporter, facetiously: "I suppose you are glad to get back without a setback?"

Browne: "No."

The reporter, after a little pause: "Of course you've been a good boy since you left us? They say virtue is its own A. Ward, you know."

Browne: "Yes."

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\*See "My Reminiscences," by Fred Ives.



The reporter, a little nervously: "I guess you find about as little change here as you ever did?"

Browne. "No."

The reporter, desperately: "I mean the change that doesn't jingle when you haven't got it."

Browne: "Yes."

The reporter, hopefully: "That was a good thing you got off when the lecture manager asked you what you'd take for three nights."

Browne: "Yes."

The reporter: "Your answer was 'Whisky and water,' wasn't it?"

Browne: "Yes."

The reporter: "Ha, ha, ha, that was very clever."

Browne: "Yes."

The reporter, with a flickering gleam of hope in his dexter optic: "Is the amoosin' little kangaroo enjoying his usual robust health?"

Browne: "Yes."

Then the reporter put away his pencil, folded up his pad, and returned to the office — but the interview did not appear.\*

On October 25th, telegraphic communication was established between Cleveland and San Francisco, via Salt Lake City, Citizen J. H. Wade receiving the first dispatch from the town of the Golden Gate.†



\*Consult "My Views of Interviews," by Senator M. A. Hanna.

†Compare "Dispatches I Have Sent," by Manager Greenwell, A. P.

Then there was an exchange of congratulations between the Clevelanders and President Brigham Young, of the Mormon Church.

"Our compliments to Mrs. Young, and we trust she is enjoying good health," ticked off the Cleveland operator.

"Thanks," came back the reply of the eminent polygamist. "Mrs. Young, with a few minor exceptions, is as well as she usually averages."

Then the line ceased working.



## CHAPTER XVII.

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### WHEN CLUBS ARE TRUMPS.

*What form is this in suit of blue?  
It is th' Pleeceman, brave an' true.  
Oh, nothin' can his courage awe —  
He is the essence of th' law!*

—From the Uncollected Poems of Dennis Peter O'Brien.

THE first club in Cleveland was carried by a watchman.\* The gentle savages who haunted the vicinity of Major Carter's tavern were not the sort that added war clubs to an extremely limited outfit. They carried a knife, perhaps, and a string of wampum, and just as much of a load of spirituous dampness as they could beg or borrow. The early pioneer preferred spades to clubs, and it wasn't until the village attained to quite a size, and began to be afraid to go out nights, and thought seriously of buying a dog, and slept with its bulbous silver watch under its pillow, and had granther's old musket loaded with slugs† and within easy-reaching distance, that the necessity for a hired watchman occurred to the fussy Cleavelanders. But it was not until the village had become a city that a

\* "Clubs I Have Led," by W. E. Talcott.

† "Why I Disapprove of Nickel-in-the-Slot 'Phones," by J. P. McKinstry.

real police organization was formed. In January, '37, an ordinance\* establishing a City Watch, was passed by the Council. It provided that "There shall be raised by voluntary enlistment twenty-eight companies of watchmen, consisting of six members each, all residents, called City Watch." The mayor was directed to open an enlistment



roll and the volunteers were to pledge themselves to serve one year. The companies were numbered, and each company had the privilege of choosing its own captain. "Watching hours shall be from sundown to sunrise, and

each company shall be on service and perform duty once in four weeks, commencing at number one and following in rotation,‡ according to numbers alternately. \* \* \* Each watchman shall be a conservator of the peace of said city, with the like power touching his duties as Marshal or Constable. They or any of them shall apprehend and detain until daylight all offenders against the peace." How reminiscent this is of that other city watch so graphically described by the veracious chronicler, William Shakespeare.‡

"The watch shall prevent fires, and in case of fire shall repair with all expedition to the place where the fire shall happen, and alarm the fire companies and the sextons.§ \* \* \* Persons apprehended shall be taken to the county jail,



or some other safe place, and not discharged until taken before the Mayor the following day, for examination." It would appear that the charms of this nocturnal office did

\* See F. C. Howe's "Ordinances I Have Met."

† See Prof. Charles J. Smith's handbook on "The Notations of Rotations."

‡ An alleged writer of plays, sometimes called Bacon.

§ "They went and told the sexton and the sexton tolled the bell."—Ezra Kendall, Marshall P. Wilder, and others.

not prove overwhelmingly alluring to the worthy citizens, for later on Mayor Willey, on several occasions, earnestly calls attention to the fact that the lists are still open at his office.

But the police force got its start, and kept moving, and will continue to move,\* no doubt, until the sun of the dawning millenium climbs above the vine-clad ridge that rises out Euclid way.

The company system of Mayor Willey's day was dropped and the semi-professional plan adopted. There was little for these early guardians to do, and they would have done it just as cheerfully if it had been twice as little. There were no porch-climbers in those benighted days, and no hold-up men, and no gentlemanly burglars. In fact, all these faithful watchmen had to do was to keep a sharp lookout for fires and obfuscated night wanderers, and incidentally stay awake. As late as '55 there was just one solitary day policeman. His name was John Taggart. Alas, how little we know of this faithful servant of the public!



*Who was it calmed the noisy boys,  
And kept his firm official poise,  
And scattered mobs of hoi pollois ?  
'Twas Taggart.*

*Who was it walked an endless beat,  
And threaded every lane and street—  
And ne'er went back to take a seat ?  
'Twas Taggart.*

---

\* See Cleveland Chess Club in action.



*Who wore a coat of fadeless blue,  
And smiles at all the nursemaids threw,  
And sometimes said, "Gwan there you!"  
'Twas Taggart.*

*Who was it made his endless round,  
So slowly plodding o'er the ground,  
And drove strange porkers to the pound?  
'Twas Taggart.*

*Who was it earned a niche of fame,  
And came and went, and went and came?  
Alas who now recalls the name  
Of Taggart?*

On the evening of January 15th, 1857, the Cleveland police force gave One-of-the-Finest balls ever given at the Weddell House, all the local law-breakers kindly taking a night off in honor of the event. They had a banquet to



start with, and Mayor William B. Castle was toastmaster, several prominent spellbinders\* doing the oratorical stunts. Then they adjourned to the ballroom where a lovely time

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\* "Spellbinding as I have found it," by Harry Payer.

was had.\* The dance programme of the evening was not preserved, but it is quite probable that the special directions attached to it looked something like this :

#### NOTICE.

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Beware of pickpockets !

Leave your guns in the coat room.

Gentlemen will not pinch their partners.

Ladies who hold up trains can do so without fear of police interference.

Detectives will remove their gum shoes before going on the floor.

Ladies without partners should promptly call the police.

Hot coffee will be served between dances to officers of the night force who desire to keep awake.

Ladies who have made no other arrangements will receive police protection when going home.

Officers should remember that the Virginia Reel is not an absolute proof of intoxication.

Don't report any inattention on the part of the hotel employes to the proprietor. Run 'em in next day.

It was not until April 26th, 1866, that the police force was organized under the Metropolitan system. Up to that time it had been run according to most any old system, and naturally any system it favored was a badly run down system and needed an active tonic. The Metropolitan bracer was just the thing. In May, '69, the force had increased to eighty-six men all told, and Mayor Stephen Buhner, who was both mayor and acting board of police commissioners,

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\* Compare with society columns of local dailies.

pronounced it in excellent condition. Since then, in spite of politics, and in spite of insufficient numbers, the local police force has earned an admirable and in every way deserved reputation.

His lot is not a happy one,  
'Cause he's a target for our fun.  
Then fill the growler to the top  
And drink this toast:

“THE CLEVELAND COP!”



## CHAPTER XVIII.

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### ON TRACK AND FIELD.

*A flash !*

*A crash !*

*A smoking gun !*

*A streak !*

*A shriek !*

*Gee whiz, they're done !*

*—From the "Song of the Sprinter."*

ALL work and no play would make Cleveland a dull town, and luckily the first settlers knew this. Accordingly, they put in much of their time doing athletic stunts. True, some of this exercise was for the purpose of keeping themselves warm, and some for the purpose of making it warm for the Indians. But the result was the same. In fact Cleveland has always been a leading sporting centre.

The strenuous spirit of the earliest surveyors is well illustrated by the fact that they brought driving stakes all the way from Connecticut. However, they did not follow the horses until after 1800, as there weren't any horses to follow.\* The first horse race did not take place until

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\* "Pre-Horstoric Times," by J. B. Perkins.

August 7, 1837.\* It was trotted on Erie street and was won by Clara Fisher, the time being two minutes and forty-seven seconds. As the distance is not given, however, it is impossible to tell whether Clara trotted from Woodland avenue to the Lake Front or from Euclid avenue to Chestnut street.† The next record breaking performance was postponed until August 25, 1866, when the famous Dexter made a mile in 2:32½. His only break was the record.‡ The first of June in the following year the Cleveland Driv-



ing Park § was opened and the snap of breaking records became louder and more frequent. Smuggler, Rarus and Johnston each took a famous fall out of Father Time.\*\* But the greatest day in the history of the local turf was July 30, 1885, when

Maud S, the queen of 'em all, circled the Glenville course in 2:08¾.††

Hunting ‡‡ was the favorite pastime among the earliest settlers. There was a great deal of game, large and small, and although the lynx were plentiful there is no record of anyone hunting the golf ball.§§ The popular field-day

\* "Horse Talk," by John A. McKerron.

† Compare "From Clara Fisher to Peter Swift," by John Ray.

‡ "Records I Have Wrecked," by H. K. Devereaux.

§ "On the Right Track," by W. G. Pollock.

\*\* See "Equine Grace," with illustrations by Dutch Mowrey.

†† For further records consult W. R. Coates.

‡‡ "Shotgun Outings," by D. Auld, Jr.

§§ "Tee Talks," by R. H. York.



sports of today, such as hammer-throwing and shot-putting were indulged in, but in a modified form. Occasionally a party of Indians would display their prowess in hatchet-throwing in the direction of the white man's camp. Thereupon, the settlers would come out and do the shot-put.\* This, however, was a rough game at best and fortunately but seldom practiced. There was but little betting on Cleveland's early sporting events. At the same time it is related that there was a pool behind Carter's tavern that became such a nuisance that it had to be closed.

Cleveland may well be proud of the fleetness of foot of her athletic sons, as amateur and professional world's records have been made here. Johnson, a professional, sprinted one hundred yards in 9 4-5 seconds on July 31, 1886, and "Billy"



Stage, an amateur, went just as far and just as fast on September 2, 1893. Ezekiel Thompson claims to have made the distance in five seconds on December 21, 1803, when chased by a band of Seneca Indians. Although Zeke undoubtedly ran to beat the band his claim has never been allowed.†

Ever since Moses Cleaveland sailed into the river in 1796 and into the Indians a little later, yachting ‡ has been

\* "Ringing the Bell," by Paul North.

† "Long Runs I Have Known," by Manager A. F. Hartz.

‡ "Tacks and Tillers," by Commodore Percy W. Rice.

a popular pastime in the Forest City. The first boating organization was the Ivanhoe Boat Club, which was founded in 1855. Among its members were some crack oarsmen who formed a racing crew, and as Sandusky was the home of another such club, a match race was arranged. It took place on the Cuyahoga river, July 4, 1855, and after an exciting contest the Ivanhoes won by their stronger pull. A few years later river racing had to be abandoned owing to the strength of the current. There was but little current, it is true, but what there was, was real strong.



Cleveland caught the baseball fever early and its temperature is still high. The first match game was played here in 1865, when the Penfields of Oberlin defeated the Forest Citys by the score of 68 to 28.\* The local team, however, soon acquired the "peeled eye" and the "glued mit," and became recognized as daisies of the diamond. An amusing incident† is told of one of the first local games. It seems that the Forest City's were crippled by the absence of the regular catcher and the manager advertised for another. A stranger applied for the position and was employed. In the last inning of the game the score was three to nothing in favor of the opposing team. One hit was made and two bases on balls were given with two men out. Then the new catcher stepped to the plate. The crowd implored him to make a hit. He made it. Over the right




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\* From J. F. Kilfoyl's "Fouls and Flies."

† From D. H. Kimberley's "Stacks of Stories."

fielder's head the ball flew and the three men on bases ran home. The excitement was terrific. Everybody was standing and shouting. Even the ticket-seller, attracted by the noise, left his post and came to see what the cause of the excitement could be. On sped the new catcher to third base. The right fielder had recovered the ball and he threw it home. But the new man was there before it. He didn't even stop at the plate, but kept on running. Straight through the ticket office he sped without stopping—and the last seen of him he was still running with a black box containing the receipts of the game under his arm.

It is generally supposed that football \* as now played is a game of modern origin. The following account, however, if true, would seem to indicate that the sport was in vogue at the end of the eighteenth century. It is a description of a contest between the early settlers who had learned the game at



Yale and the Indians of Western Reserve. The account was sawed out of the sporting edition of a souvenir number of the *Daily Tomahawk*, printed on birch bark. Here it is:

Ye firste game of footeball played in ye hamlet of Cleaveland was between ye Yales † of New Haven and ye Western Reserves. Ye balle was passed backe to Simon

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\* A broken wing,  
A twisted ear,  
A busted slat—  
Football is here.

—From *Poems of the Pigskin*.

† "Sons of Old Eli," by the McBride Brothers, Herbert and Malcolm.

Jordan, who was tackled by Strong Dog and downed for a losse. Thereupon ye Indians gave their yelle :

“Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!  
Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!  
Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!  
Ugh!”

Then ye Reserves got ye balle and Red Eye passed it backe to Black Eagle, who flew down ye field for a gain. Then Bad Axe cut his way through ye line for ten yards. Nexte, Goose Grease warmed uppe and ran down ye field for fifteen more. Then Old



Hoss snorted and trotted to ye five yard line. Thereupon Hot Foot stepped over for a touchdown. Soon after this a wrangle arose on account of ye Reserves' tricke playe. It appeareth that Big Son stood upon ye shoulders of Strong Dog,

and Sore Tooth climbed upon Big Son's shoulders. And then Old Hoss, Goose Grease, Black Eagle, Hot Foot, Bad Axe, Red Eye and Sick Crow, formed a steeple ten men high. Then Lame Buzzard passed ye balle to Strong Dog who handed it up to Big Son, whereat it ascended until it reached ye claws of Sick Crow. Thereat ye whole bunch fell forward, making a gaine of twenty yards or thereabouts. While ye dispute was waxing warm, Sick Crow flew off with ye balle and thereupon ye game stopped, ye score being nothyng for Yale while ye Reserves had twelve points and ye balle.

This is ye firste tyme Western Reserve hath beaten Yale.



## CHAPTER XIX.

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### HONORING THE FOUNDER.

*O many years since Moses came  
Have slowly lapsed away;  
We've added fame unto his name—  
Altho' we dropped his A.  
—From the "Sonnet of the Statue."*

THE Early Settlers' Association had for some time contemplated a suitable memorial in honor of the Founder of the City. In 1880 it was decided that this memorial should take the form of a statue. Backed by the personal efforts of citizen Harvey Rice, the proposed memorial at length became an enduring reality. The statue, modeled from traditions of the surveyor-founder's personal appearance,\* aided by a miniature portrait, was ready for unveiling in the southwest section of the Public Square† on July 23, 1888.‡ That day the annual proceedings of the Early Settlers held in Music Hall, were followed by the dedicatory exercises. A procession, five hundred strong, marched to the Square, where, in an eminently dignified and

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\* "The Old Familiar Faces," by Fred Ives.

† "Squares and Their Sections," by Prof. Solomon Weimer.

‡ This year is also famous for the only appearance in public of the Clover Club Minstrels. See file of Lyceum Theatre programmes.



appropriate manner, the heroic figure of the Founder was unveiled amid shouts of enthusiasm from the vast crowd of interested spectators.

Late in the evening of the same day Mr. Terry Dugan, a citizen of some note in political circles,\* entertained a choice party of personal friends in the rooms of the Pretzel Club with the following historical resume:†



General Moses Cleaveland, on the twenty-sicond of July, siven-teen hundred and ninety-six, at chew p. m., shtandard, discovered the Western Reserve, and those that say that Grover Cleveland‡ done it don't know. Grover was most likely fishin'.§ Mose wint to Yale College, a school fer byes

in New Haven, but he didn't seem satisfied, so he came to the Western Reserve. Mose knew a good thing!

The Connicticut Ligislature\*\* said, "Mose," it said, "we want you to go out and find Cleveland."

"It was careless to lose it," says Mose, "but never moind, don't worry, it's as good as founded."

So he took his grip and his commission — he got it from a Hartford commission merchant — and he shtarted out to find the sivinth largest city in the United Shtates of America, bar none! You would tink, it bein' such a large city, that some one would have founded it before. Well, onyway, as they were goin' by Euclid Beach Park, Mose said, "Byes," he says, "there's a lot of real eshtate around here, and as yez have certainly been good to me I'll divvy. Moike,"

\* Howe on "The Elimination of Ward Heelers."

† For further historical resume consult shelves of Public Librarian Brett.

‡ Grover Cleveland, a well-known angler, sometime President of the United States.

§ "Fishing as a Fine Art," by J. M. Curtiss, President of the Periwinkle Club.

\*\* "Legislators I Have Known," by W. R. Hopkins.

he says to the first mate,\* "Moike, yez can have the rise of ground over there. That's Euclid Heights."

"I'll take no bluff," says Moike.

Just then the lookout took his Warner-and-Schwazey binoculars from his eyes and sniffed. Then he sniffed agin and says, "We're near there!"

"How do you know?" says Mose.

"A signal sint from the Cuyahoga," says the lookout.

Mose caught the scint and says, "We'll get off at Gordon's Park. After we have dinner at the Roadside† we'll take a run down to the University Club. They tell me that they have such a foine chef that when Minister Wu Ting Fang‡ ate his scolloped rats, a la bazoo, he curtiiously remarked to Profissor Curtis that they were simply rodentious!"

So they got off and the first thing they seen was a red Injin runnin' down the Lake Shore drive.§

"What's he runnin' down the drive for?" says Mose.

"I don't see anything the matter wid it."

"Holy Moses, is that you!" says the Injin.

"Well, who did you think it was," says Mose, "Sinator Hanna?"



And the Injin laughed so hard that the paint fell off his face in flakes.

"Me and Tommy Hawk," says the Injin, "was over here on the links playin' golluf whin we seen yez comin'. How did yez leave the folks?"

\* "When I Met My First Mate," by Capt. J. C. Gilchrist.

† "Recollections of the Roadside," by Calvary Morris.

‡ An Oriental jollier, author of "How to Handle a Cue."

§ "Long Drives," by Sterling Beckwith.

"By boat," says Mose. And wid that they wint arm in arm across the Boulevard to Wade's Park. Suddenly Mose looked up and says, "Who is it?"

"Why, that's Ollover Perry," says the Injin. "He fought in the bloody war."\*

"Well, if that's the case," says Mose, "let's be glad it's all over." And two co-eds, who were rubberin', fell out of the sicond shtory window of Clark Hall.



Whin they got to the intrance where yez go out a motor car wint by.

"Where does that go?" says Mose.

"That goes," says the Injin, "where Everett pleases."

And at that momint a pair o' bunches of bucherful buildin's† loomed up across the Avenoo ferninsht thim, and all the windows in all the buildin's flew up at wanst, and this is what came out:

*"Hoo Rah! Ki Rah!  
Foo Foo Apollusai!  
Hoi! Hoi! Aiai! Rah! Rah!  
Case!  
Reserve!"*

And thin Mose knew it was a Case of discoverin' Reserve!

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\* Consult "Campaigning in Porto Rico," by Gen. Geo. A. Garretson.

† See "Some Other Buildings," by J. Hartness Brown.

## CHAPTER XX.

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### WINDING UP THE CENTURY.

*Tho' the smoke is thick and the river is strong,  
Wherever they may roam*

*The sons of Cleveland sing the song :*

*" There ain't no place like home."*

*—From Ballads of Home Week.*

ON the twenty-second of July, 1896, Cleveland finished her first century run, and because of her unusually brilliant record\* it was decided that a celebration† of seven weeks' duration should commemorate it. The Early Settlers' Association at a meeting held July 22, 1893, took the first steps and the Chamber of Commerce,‡ the City Council and many progressive citizens helped to push the good thing along. Citizen Wilson M. Day was made director-general of the celebration, and the list of subordinate officials included a large percentage of the names in the commercial agency rating books and most of the city directory.

Sunday morning, July 19th, the Centennial was officially

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\* " Probate and Other Records," by Judge Henry C. White.

† " Orations and Celebrations," by Virgil P. Kline.

‡ For further particulars consult Secretary F. A. Scott.

opened—the chimes of Trinity doing their best to crack it open.\* The following day Camp Moses Cleaveland on the Perkins' Farm was dedicated, but as there was a drizzling rain during the services the dedication was attended by little more than a sprinkling.

Wednesday, July 22, was the hundredth birthday of the city and Cleveland never looked better. It is true that her complexion was not as pure as in her earlier days, and the Purity League attributed this to excessive smoking,† but the city seemed sooted, as she smoked more than ever. As soon as the time-ball on the Arcade indicated that it was Wednesday morning, a salute of one hundred guns was fired to tell that the city's birthday had arrived. The bells also tolled it and the whistles blew about it.



At four A. M., Governor Coffin, with a large party on an incoming train, was awakened by the terrific noise and arrived in a state of wild excitement from the State of mild Connecticut. He asked the station-master what the noise was about and the latter replied that it was about one hundred years after the birth of the city.

“But do you always make these demonstrations on such occasions?” asked Governor Coffin.

“We have so far,” replied the placid station-master.

Cleveland had good grounds for thinking her birthday a success, for among her presents was part of the Rockefeller grounds, consisting of 270 acres of land for park and boulevard purposes.

One of the features of the celebration was the compe-

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\* See Edward A. Roberts' "History of the Centennial Celebration."

† "Great Smokers I Have Attended," by Fire Chief Wallace.



tition for the Centennial Ode prize. The following lines,\* although they did not secure the award, picture Cleveland's race with the other cities in such a vivid and thrilling style that they are herewith deemed worthy of publication for the first and only time:†

"It's just a hundred years ago thet Cleveland jined the race. She was such a little critter thet she toddled in last place. But she moved along so stiddy thet when eighteen-fifty came she was twenty-sixth an' growin', and a-reachin' out for fame. Say, she skipped along so chipper thet no chance ter grow was missed, till twenty years of increase put her eighteenth on the list. An' she pranced by Jersey City, an' by Washington she flew; she left Buffalo, Detroit, Louisville an' Pittsburg, too. An' she kept a-goin' faster — New Orleans she passed, and then, when they came to take the census, she was known as number ten. San Francisco got the go-by; Cincinnati tried to grow, but our Cleveland snatched her title — 'Biggest town in Ohio.' Old St. Louis won't be in it; Baltimore we soon will pass; we'll beat Boston 'fore she knows it; then ter jine the fastest class. Cleveland's at the seventh figger. Up to fust place will she climb? Tho' New York's a durn sight bigger, Cleveland's young yit — give her time."



In 1900 some progressive citizens conceived an idea and called it Home Week.‡ The Business Men's League promoted it § and the result was a success beyond all expectation. The idea was to bring back as many former residents of Cleveland as possible and to show them that

\* Compare "Lines I Have Reeled Off," by John H. Farley.

† See W. H. Gaylord, President of the Rowfant Club, for other rare publications.

‡ From "Happy Thoughts," by E. W. Doty.

§ "Promoting as a Fine Art," by Ryerson Ritchie.

the old home ain't what it used to be. Accordingly, October 5-8 was set aside for the celebration, and invitations and notices were sent out, and flags and free-lunch placards were hung out, and electric and keep-off-the-grass signs were arranged, and white pillars and peanut stands were put up. Arrangements were made to have a big time and have it all the time, and the arrangements were carried out in every detail.

Carnival night was the star feature of the celebration. The masquerade held on Superior street was the gayest event in the city's history and the crowd was so dense that when anybody forced his way into it at Bond street he forced someone else out at Water street.

And when the celebration was over and the confetti was swept up, everybody who had participated in the events of the Week undoubtedly shared in the opinion of the poet who said :

*Of all good times in every year  
That serve to bring to us good cheer —  
Which to our hearts is now most dear?  
Home Week.*

*What reunites the best of friends,  
And makes us sorry when it ends,  
Because towards all that's gay it tends?  
Home Week.*

*Each Home-Week guest will promptly know  
That Cleveland's like a three-ring show,  
And to his own town he will go  
Home Weak!*

## CHAPTER XXI.

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### UP-TO-DATE.

1850-1901.

*May your troubles be the lightest!*

*May your sons prove ever true!*

*May your future be the brightest!*

*Dear old Cleveland — here's to you!*

*—From the rejected rhymes of an unknown poet.*

1850. January 4 — Agitation for new city hall begins.  
Still agitating.  
March 16 — The City Council enjoys its first junket.  
A bad precedent established.\*
1852. March 17 — Louis Kossuth visits the city. All the  
Hungarians celebrate St. Patrick's Day.  
September 1 — First State Fair in Cleveland is  
opened. Choice collection of pigs, pumpkins and  
Rubes. A right smart show, b'gosh!
1853. April 8 — First session of police court. Fine time.  
September 4 — P. T. Barnum lectures on "Temp-  
erance" in Ohio City. Very dry effort.  
October 5 — National Women's Rights Convention  
in Melodeon Hall. Masculine Clevelanders look  
apprehensive.

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\* "What I Know About City Councils," by T. H. Hogsett.

1854. February 1 — First fancy dress ball. Waltz me again, George!  
February 6 — Local Y. M. C. A. organized. Good thing!  
April 3 — Citizens vote on question of annexing Ohio City. Carried. No cards.  
May 24 — Daring daylight robbery. The Canal Bank looted of \$4,500, some of it real money.\*
1855. May 4 — First steam fire-engine tried in the city throws a stream over the Weddell House. Committee decides it comes too high.



- June 1 — First white murderer hanged. Omic will have company.  
July 21 — First Bar Banquet. A good legal practice established.
1856. January 9 — Coldest day in city's history — 17.5 below zero. No plumbers to enjoy it.  
August 9 — The Ark is abandoned. The animals scatter and the old craft is Noah more.  
October 27 — City's biggest fire — the New England

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\* "Early Financial Struggles of the Middle West," by Col. Myron T. Herrick.

Hotel and other buildings destroyed. A hot old time!

1856. December 30—Public Square is fenced in. Post no bills!

1857. September 24—Unknown miscreants steal John Barr's Valparaiso squashes. More police needed.

1858. February 15—Pioneer Society established. Early records to be preserved. They will go way back. April 10—First council page, F. B. Stedman, resigns his office. Council turns over a new leaf.

July 4—Cleveland's first balloon ascension. The ascent is made by Mons. Godard, a rising aeronaut.

1859. February 15—Grand Feast of the Second Full Moon, Sons of Malta, for the benefit of the city poor. High jinks!

June 14—Eleventh National Saengerfest is held in the city. Gesundheit! Nocheinmal!

October 25—City Council authorizes Kinsman street railroad company to begin operations, and the company proceeds to make tracks.

1860. July 28—Old Court House on the Square sold at auction for \$60. Gone and soon forgotten.

September 10—Forty-seventh anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie. Perry's statue unveiled.





1861. February 15 — President-elect Abraham Lincoln visits the city on his way to Washington.  
 October 25 — First telegraph despatch from San Francisco. Considered a great improvement over the wireless system.
1862. February 12 — Sinking Fund established. We've got money in the bank.  
 November 11 — City's first steam fire-engine arrives. Now bring on your fires.
1863. January 2 — System of paying firemen established. No pay, no play.  
 May 14 — Old Exchange Hotel burns. Used as pail factory. Cleveland's first bucket-shop.
1864. February 22 — Northern Ohio Sanitary Fair opens.  
 October 22 — Fire alarm system completed. Ding, ding-ding, ding! What box is it?
1865. April 3 — Rejoicing over the news of the fall of Richmond.  
 September 23 — First match game of baseball. Pen-fields of Oberlin 68, Forest Citys 28. Kill the umpire!  
 October 17 — First public hospital, St. Vincent's, is established.
1866. June 20 — Camp Gilbert Fishing Club dedicates its grounds at mouth of Euclid Creek. Lots of bait uncorked.\*  
 August 25 — Dexter breaks trotting record at Cleveland's first horse fair. Fastest heat, 2.32 $\frac{1}{5}$ . Gittap!  
 November 10 — Union Depot opened. When Reuben comes to town!




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\* Compare "On the Trail of the Tarpon," by J. C. Trask.

1867. May 14— Powder mill explodes. Wouldn't that jar you!

June 1 — Cleveland Driving Park opens. They're off!

November 19 — Edward Payson Weston walks into town. Step lively, please.

1868. May 5 — First production of Drummer Boy at Forest City Rink. Amateurs revive the terrors of the war.

November 16 — Hanlon Brothers introduce first bicycle into the city. They came high then.

1869. February 18 — Public Library opens. Great rush for books. He who runs may read.

May 14 — First dog pound is dedicated. Listen to the moaning of the tied.

1870. October 4 — Northern Ohio Fair opens. Right this way to the big show!

October 20 — Severe earthquake shock. Everybody rattled.

1871. February 6 — Workhouse opens. An unpopular resort.

December 5 — National Chess Congress. It's your move.

1872. October 25 — First appearance of epizootic distemper. Nothing but horseless carriages.

November 19 — East Cleveland and part of Brooklyn annexed. Let 'em all come!

December 30 — "Dickens' Social" at Case Hall. Citizen M. A. Hanna assumes the role of "Mr. Bumble" and makes his mark.



1873. September  
16 — New-  
burg is taken  
in. So is  
Cleveland.



1874. March 2 —  
Waterworks

tunnel completed and the water works through.

1875. April 29 — High wind blew down flag staff on the  
Square — it played "Falstaff" in the "Tempest."  
September 6 — Euclid Avenue Opera House opens  
"Say, gimme two in de gallery, please."

1876. January 1 — Centennial New Year's Day opens with  
enthusiasm. Call again!

July 27 — Smuggler trots five best consecutive heats  
on record. Not so slow!

1877. January 26 — Citizen Charles F. Brush exhibits his  
electric light. It shines for all.

February 1 — Art Club organized. Miss Cleveland  
no longer artless.

July 25 — The telephone is installed. Hello!

August 13 — First prize baby show. Choice assort-  
ment of fine kids.

1878. September 3 — Central High School dedicated.  
Finest in the land.

December 27 — Viaduct is completed. Its cost is  
great, but the public will get over it.

1879. February 24 — First production of Pinafore.  
"Goodness me! what was that?"

April 29 — Public Square lighted by electricity. A  
bright idea.

1880. March 4 — Great storm. The wind it blew quite  
windy.

1880. March 20 — New City Armory opens with charity ball.

November 9 — Cleveland Canoe Club is organized. Paddle your own.

1881. September 3 — Case School of Applied Science opens. Hoo Rah! Ki Rah!

November 12 — Great landslide along Walworth Run. West Side real estate takes a drop.

November 16 — Euclid Avenue Roller Rink opens and everybody wants to see the wheels go round.

1882. September 11 — The Council accepts Wade Park. The Zoo comes later.

October 26 — Adelbert College is dedicated. O sketlioi!

1883. February 4 — Great flood along the river. The Cuyahoga gets out of its bed, and the citizens have trouble in putting it back.



1884. July 30 — Maud S. breaks mile trotting record at Glenville Track. Time 2.08 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

September 7 — Great fire on the flats. Cleveland badly singed and scared.

October 27 — Case School burns. Too much caloric and not enough H<sub>2</sub>O.

November 8 — Music Hall is dedicated. Oh, listen to the band!

1887. March 8 — New building of W. R. U. Medical College opens. Have patience, boys.

April 23 — Press Club celebrates anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. Good digestion waits on appetite.

1888. July 23 — Unveiling of statue of Moses Cleveland. It's on the Square.  
September 7 — College for Women established.  
This way, girls.
1889. June 30 — First electric motor runs over East Cleveland railroad tracks. Look out for the cars! —  
Academy of Music burns. Goodbye, Old Drury.  
October 15 — Pan - American delegates arrive.  
Strike up the band, here comes a Senor!
1890. January 4 — La Grippe is here!  
May 30 — Garfield monument is dedicated.
1894. July 4 — Dedication of Soldiers' and Sailors' monument.
1896. July 22 — Cleveland closes her first century. A strong finish.
1900. October 5 — Home Week celebration begins.  
Howdy, everybody?  
December 31 — Cleveland winds up the Nineteenth century. So does Berea and all the other towns.
1901. April 1 — Municipal election. Citizen Tom L. Johnson elected Mayor.

*This brings our civic ship of state  
Within the harbor calm  
That fronts the port of Up-to-date —  
And likewise up to Tom!*



*From those who made this little book  
a wealth of thanks are due ;  
To those whose sympathetic aid  
has helped the project through.*

---

*SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT  
FOR THE  
USE OF MANY OF THE BEAUTIFUL CUTS  
WITHIN THESE PAGES,  
IS HEREBY GRATEFULLY MADE TO  
THE CLEVELAND ELECTRIC RAILWAY COMPANY.*

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Where next time are they sure to stop?

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Where everything is managed right,  
So work becomes a deal more bright?

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Where is this building named "The Rose?"  
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\$200,000



SURPLUS,

\$50,000

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Surplus and Profits . . . . .	300,000

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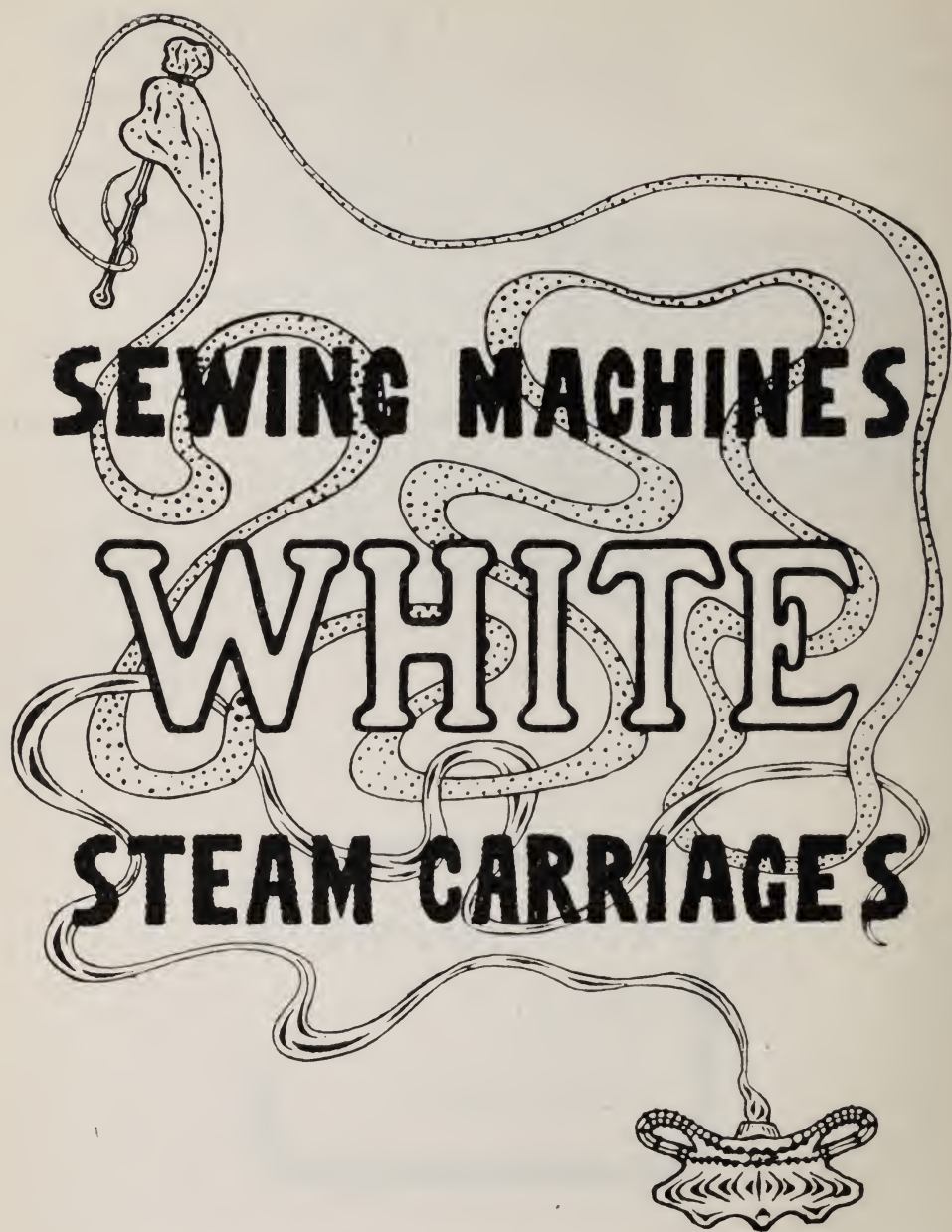
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FAYETTE BROWN      D Z NORTON  
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LETTERS OF CREDIT

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E H BOURNE, CASHIER  
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INCORPORATED 1849

## SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS IN THE CITY OF CLEVELAND

REPORT of the condition of the "SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS in the City of Cleveland," in the State of Ohio, before the commencement of business, October 7, 1901.

### RESOURCES

Loans on Real Estate,	-	-	\$7,775,048.00
Loans on United States Bonds,	-	-	452,460.00
Loans on other Stocks and Bonds,	-	-	4,817,317.85
All other Loans,	-	-	159,000.00
United States Bonds, par,	-	-	3,300,000.00
State Bonds, par,	-	-	76,000.00
Other Bonds,	-	-	18,836,614.64
Real Estate,	-	-	964,407.48
Expenses,	-	-	26,911.89
Due from Banks and Bankers,	-	-	3,826,689.18
Specie,	-	-	309,849.36
National Bank and United States Currency,	-	-	322,394.00
All other Assets,	-	-	1,558.53
Total	-	-	\$40,868,250.93

### LIABILITIES

Individual Deposits,	-	-	\$38,300,972.85
Undivided Profits,	-	-	467,278.08
Surplus Fund,	-	-	2,100,000.00
Total	-	-	\$40,868,250.93
Number of Open Accounts,	-	-	62,442



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IT is my wish, and that of the Opera Company, that the Weber Piano shall be used at the Opera House next season as heretofore. The magnificent Concert Grands you sent us have more than confirmed the impression that in tone-quality, power, and carrying capacity the Weber has no superior in the world. The leading artists of the company have privately expressed to me their delight in the instruments furnished for their use, and it is the unanimous verdict that for concert work, as well as for accompanying the voice in singing, the Weber Piano is unequalled.

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find it so.



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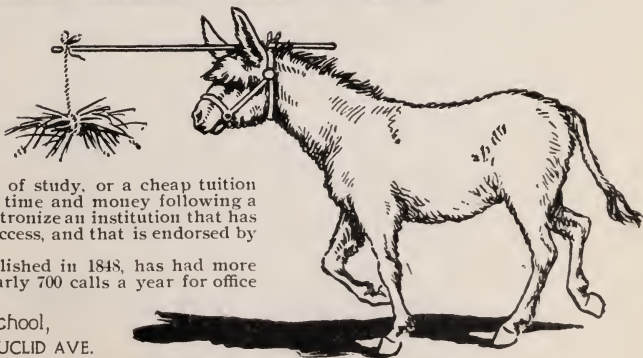
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How many men have thus been led around by the nose, so to speak, in the matter of education. The promise of a position, a short course of study, or a cheap tuition rate is the wisp of hay. Why waste time and money following a will-o-the-wisp? Is it not better to patronize an institution that has a reputation for thoroughness and success, and that is endorsed by prominent business men?

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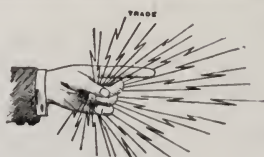
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*The Wilcox & White Angelus Orchestral  
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